







A Map of
CENTRAL AMERICA
and the
SPANISH MAIN

STATES

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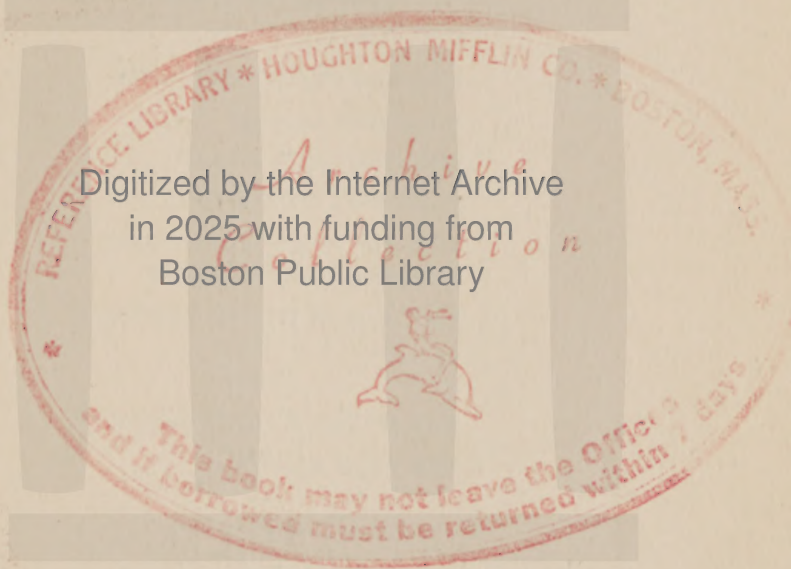
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**CENTRAL AMERICA AND
THE SPANISH MAIN**



CHURCH OF LA RECOLLECCIÓN, LEÓN, NICARAGUA

CENTRAL AMERICA AND THE SPANISH MAIN

BY
AGNES ROTHERY

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
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1929

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FOR
NANCY ERICKSON
FRIEND OF ADVENTURERS

IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

IT seems very unsubstantial return for substantial favors received, merely to mention the names of the half a dozen people who have done much toward the creating of this book. But in this case it is no perfunctory acknowledgment. I hope that Mr. William A. Young, Jr., and Mr. Wilbur S. Tupper, of the Panama Mail Steamship Company in San Francisco, the commanders of the three vessels on which the various trips were made — Captains Robert E. Judson, Theodore K. Oaks, and Chester W. Gilbert — and Professor James C. Bardin, of the University of Virginia, who read the proofs, will accept my sincerest thanks and liveliest appreciation of their assistance and friendliness.

AGNES ROTHERY

FOREWORD

TRAVELERS to the Orient and the South Seas are familiar with the exhilaration of San Francisco, either as a starting-point or as a terminus of their journeying. But comparatively few holiday-seekers realize that it is possible to saunter down to one of those many piers which give the city such an ineradicable flavor of a seaport, step aboard a Panama Mail steamer, and thus set forth upon an easy round of visits to a section of the world whose acquaintance they are accustomed to believe may only be acquired at the cost of tedious and expensive discomfort. The five small Central American Republics and those which compose the Spanish Main are utterly foreign to most of us in language, customs, topography. They are sustained not only by a different race from our own, but exist in a different stratification of time. It is hardly necessary to add that they are of a great and growing political and economic importance to the United States. And they are accessible — accessible, that is, to the unheroic adventurer of to-day who expects to have his own bathroom and daily fresh linen: whose appetite for foreign flavors is curbed by the exigencies

FOREWORD

of time and the limitations of his purse. Where else can a month and a few hundred dollars carry one into seven different countries — each varying from the others and each with its individual charms? For the Central American section of our continent is one of the historically amazing parts of the world. Here, a millennium before the birth of Christ, developed an aboriginal civilization which in certain paths of art and science surpassed that of Egypt. Here were Spain's captaincies-general in the New World, when Spanish culture was at its height. Antigua, in Guatemala, was famous a hundred years before there was any white settlement in the United States, with a quarter of a million inhabitants when the Dutch were buying Manhattan from the Indians. It reared palaces and universities and a cathedral that held a thousand worshipers, and established itself in courtly living when our forbears were living in log cabins. These remarkable cultures of the Mayas and the Spaniards were further enriched by an infusion of the Oriental, for ethnologists now trace the Asiatic derivation of the American aborigines, and historians point out that Spain, thanks to the Moor and the Jew, was more tinged with Oriental blood than any other European nation.

FOREWORD

As people in the United States gradually outgrow their provinciality, and come to think of their country, not as that especial region in which they happen to live, but in larger, more complex terms, so, in time, they will begin to look around at the lands which border and encircle their own. And then, as the recently made millionaire sets out to acquire a portrait of his grandmother, so our young United States will seek some connection with the ancient beauty and tradition which is Spain's legacy to the New World.

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**CENTRAL AMERICA AND
THE SPANISH MAIN**

CENTRAL AMERICA AND THE SPANISH MAIN



CHAPTER I SAN FRANCISCO

UPON her hills, the ocean at her feet, a thousand vessels streaming to and from her piers, sits San Francisco, one of the most distinctive cities in the world.

Through her precipitous streets surge people of every color and culture. Her history is a series of dynamic spectacles. Whatever may be said about her, she can never be accused of commonplaceness. That conventionality, composed of timidity and braggadocio, which characterizes so many of our great towns, has never laid its suffocating pall upon her. She has not tepidly modeled herself after Eastern cities which, in their turn, have aped the European. And neither has she permitted her conglomerate population to turn her into a mere melting pot. She has assimilated and surmounted it, as her hills surmount the nervous sea.

Drive or walk through San Francisco — it is

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easy to do because of its compact and readily comprehensible plan — and read the names of the streets. They tell the history of a city which a hundred and fifty years ago was a mere stretch of sand dunes scatteringly held down by greasewood and blue lupins and wind-twisted clumps of shrubs. Sometimes the dunes swelled into hills, and upon them stood Indians looking down the Bay toward the Golden Gate: looking across it to the pointed cone of Mount Tamalpais.

The white man was late in discovering this part of California. The rest of the coast had been fairly well known for two hundred years before Juan de Ayala sailed through the Golden Gate. This was in 1775, a date impressed upon the American school child for its importance to the Atlantic rather than the Pacific Coast. Five days before the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the Mission of San Francisco de Asís was founded by Father Junípero Serra.

Thus Mission Street, which is almost the first to greet the stranger at the Embarcadero, commemorates in its name the first building by white men in this part of the world. The church part of Mission Dolores (for so it soon came to be called from a small marsh near by, Laguna de los Dolores)

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still stands, for its walls of sun-dried adobe brick are four feet thick, and its hand-hewn timbers of redwood are lashed together with rawhide thongs. The original tiles are on the roof, and many in the floor. The altar was brought from Spain, as a decorous altar should be, but the ceiling was left to the new and confused Christian converts — the Indians. They applied their strong vegetable dye in bold patterning of red and blue and yellow and white chevrons, as to any sturdy totem pole, and the primitive decoration still clings, no more paradoxical in that atmosphere of incense and candles than the Indians themselves within the mission fold. In the cemetery — all that is left of the hundreds of acres that once constituted the mission grounds — bloom Castilian roses. Those who are interested in history can decipher here many names of the early days, and even the casual stranger will do well to step for a few moments across the worn threshold. There are more venerable and more elaborate missions on that chain which extended from San Diego to San Francisco, for this was the sixth to be established. But Mission Dolores breathes into the racing air something unduplicated elsewhere in the city. It is all that is left of ecclesiastical Spain in San Francisco.

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Of military Spain there is a magnificent memento. The name Presidio — Fort — is still kept for that upland sweep where Juan Bautista de Anza began to build the forts of Spain. Now, indeed, the Indians had something to stare at. Down at Mission Dolores, padres in brown gowns were preaching to them the virtue of peace and continence, and up on the Presidio strutted officers in uniforms who gambled at cock-fights, made love at grated windows, and trained soldiers to kill. To-day the drive to the Presidio, skirting the Marina, passing the last remnants of the Panama Pacific International Exposition and curving along the sea-road, with its vistas of the Bay and the Golden Gate, is the show drive of San Francisco. There are over fifteen hundred acres in the military reservation: the grounds are excellently landscaped and the embattlements honeycombed for disappearing guns. As we pass the Letterman General Hospital, the National Cemetery, and a city of officers' houses and barracks, we remember that this region has always been the center of military life. And of social life, too, for in time the Spanish officers brought out their wives and daughters, and as there were no hotels strangers were welcomed into private homes, as a matter of course; generously

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provided with food and lodging, a fresh horse, and even money. Whatever fun there was, the young people had to manufacture for themselves, with fandangos and banquets and hunting parties. There were the paradoxes of pioneer life, as once when the garrison had to borrow powder from a Russian ship to fire a salute, and when lace fans from Spain fluttered under lamps which were only little pots of suet holding wicks. This panoramic drive, always keeping in sight of mountain and sea, is now glorified by Lincoln Park, the Palace of the Legion of Honor, and the de Young Museum. But it was not discovered by the architects of the various museums, nor by those who laid out the golf courses. We can imagine how the young caballeros, with gun and lasso, raced over the splendid stretch of country, and how many a Magdalena or Josefina, in full skirt and bright jacket, in high-heeled slippers and her hair gathered under a tall comb, stood with her gallant upon the very spot so long appropriated by Sutro's Baths and Museums and laughed at the seals floundering around on the rocks below. The Spanish gentlemen prided themselves upon their fleet horses, but we in our car make better time than they. After we leave the Presidio, Fort Scott, and the Spreckels Museum,

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we strike the Harding Boulevard, which carries us to Sutro's Baths and the Cliff House — third of the name to stand on this site. Then into the Great Highway, passing Tate's, the Fleischaker Pool, and swing through more parkways and fashionable districts, perhaps taking in the Civic Center, and so back to the city.

If the Museum and the Presidio are reminiscent of the days when California belonged to Spain, there is a name frequently recurring in and about San Francisco which is the echo of the succeeding period, when California was a province, first of the Mexican Empire and then of the Mexican Republic. Not even all native Californians remember, as they go up Vallejo Street, that it was named for Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo — one of the towering figures of his day. Mexico appointed Vallejo military commandant at the same time that it appointed his nephew, Juan Bautista Alvarado, civil governor. Ernest Peixotto, in his delightful book 'Romantic California,' tells us that Vallejo lived in a hacienda whose walls were six feet thick, with three great façades, the main one a hundred feet long. It was shaded by balconies and enclosed a patio which overlooked the Petaluma Valley. The heavy beams of the frame were hewn with an adze from solid

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trees, bound with thongs of rawhide, and the lighter framework was fastened with wooden pegs. The windows were grilled with iron bars and closed with solid shutters. He had another house in town, overlooking the plaza of Sonoma, where he frequently stayed with his wife and sixteen children. Hundreds of Indians tilled his fields, and wove his blankets and rugs, and made the harnesses and silver mounted trappings for his horses. He also had a third house which he brought around the Horn in sections, each section numbered and ready to be set in place, and he drove around in a smart carriage brought from England. It is this powerful personality that bridges for us that confused period when California broke away from Mexico and became briefly, in 1846, a free and sovereign state. This republic functioned under a flag improvised from a flour sack cut in an oblong shape, with a strip from a red flannel shirt sewn on the lower edge, a star painted in one corner, a bear — which some obtuse persons thought was a pig — painted in the center, and the words 'California Republic' printed underneath. It was the Bear Flag Party which captured General Vallejo. Later, he was sent as a delegate to the California Territorial Convention, and still later, when California was admitted to the Union,

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he offered to donate a hundred and fifty-six acres to the State for public purposes, and \$370,000 toward the erection of buildings if they should be located on the Straits of Carquinez. To read the life of General Vallejo is to read the history of California from the time it was a province of Mexico until it became one of the United States. Perhaps here we may recall the inception of the word 'gringo.' It sprang from the popular song of the day 'Green Grow the Rushes, O!' which the American boys were singing during their occupation of Mexico. The native tongue could not compass all those syllables, but 'green grow' soon shortened to 'gringo' and served and lasted as a designation for all white-skinned intruders.

Vallejo Street leads to little Italy, and although it is the fashion for those who knew San Francisco before the earthquake and fire of 1906 to declare that this, like the other foreign colonies, has lost its flavor — to the stranger, this Latin quarter, built up and down the step-like streets, moves to the tempo of staccato syllables. There are factories here unwinding endless miles of macaroni and tucking up endless thousands of ravioli. Restaurants serve minestra and fritto misto, and marionettes perform their age-old antics before children Raphael

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might have painted. The men mend their fishing nets, the women dry tomatoes in the back yard, and many a large vat for red wine and for white is tucked away behind a non-committal gateway.

Parallel with Vallejo, a few blocks south, runs another important thoroughfare named for one of those men who are produced by the peculiar circumstances of their time, and who, in turn, create history. John Sutter, who was born in Baden of Swiss parents, came to California, via Indiana, the Sandwich Islands, and Alaska — and asked permission of Governor Alvarado to found a colony. As the Sacramento Valley was neither settled nor fortified and Indian raids were frequent, Alvarado agreed to give Sutter a few leagues of unoccupied wilderness land if he would check this annoyance. Sutter, who had come supplied with funds and workmen, proceeded to establish a semi-feudal, semi-military town. He bought out the Russian colony at Bodega, with its ordnance built a fort that mounted twelve guns and could shelter a thousand men, and put it under military discipline. He then planted wheat, built a flour mill, devised an irrigation system, set up a distillery, began weaving woolen blankets, ran a launch for freight and passengers between his settlement and San

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Francisco, trained Indians to useful occupations, and administered justice like the powerful overlord he was. It was in the runway of his newly opened sawmill that the first gold was discovered, and at his fort that the long trains of immigrants, exhausted and half-starved from the trip over the Sierras, found food and shelter and an opportunity to learn something of the country which confronted them. The fort stood at the most strategic point in Northern California, and John Sutter's life extended through the most exciting periods of California history. As Vallejo stands for the last of the Mexican era, so Sutter stands for that wild, incredible turmoil of '49, when California seethed in a frenzy of avarice and adventure. Then it was that the newspaper editor looked up from his desk to find that the printers had rushed out of the building and were off to the gold fields, and he, too, dropped his pen, seized pick and pan, and tore after them. Boarding-house keepers abandoned their houses without even waiting to collect the rent from their lodgers. Every one was off to the mines, some in carts, some on crutches, and one actually in a litter. From the Middle West and New England they poured, sailing around the Horn or crossing Central America via Lake Nicaragua on boats

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which the enterprising Commodore Vanderbilt produced. Thousands came in covered wagons across the plains, many to win their fortunes, and others to blow out their brains. Of all the tempestuous times which have swept San Francisco — and her history has been a rapid series of crises — this was the climax. Pandemonium was followed by crime. The city had more saloons and gambling-houses than it had dwellings, and they were open twenty-four hours a day. The population leaped from five hundred to two hundred thousand. Ladies of pleasure paraded up and down the plaza escorted by silk-hatted scions of good families in the East or clinging to the red-shirted arm of bearded brigands, from no one knew where. This cataclysm of wealth and wickedness inevitably produced vicious characters and others of force to cope with the viciousness. And this elemental conflict, finally subdued into orderly vigor, bestowed upon San Francisco that inestimable treasure — a background.

Society in San Francisco to-day is quite as formally conventional as in any American city. Down in the fashionable suburbs of San Mateo and Burlingame are estates which outvie the Riviera, not only in beauty but in taste. The tourist, whirling by on the flawless roads between long files of

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eucalyptus trees, can merely glimpse these exquisite houses, some Spanish, some French, some English in architectural perfection. They are set upon enameled lawns amid gardens that bloom all the year. Their arcades are reflected in marble swimming-pools, and their tennis-courts confined in walls of climbing roses. There are polo fields and yacht clubs and a luxury of life that cannot be paralleled elsewhere on our continent. Some of the families which compose this ultra-smart stratum like to suggest that it derives from an imported Eastern aristocracy. They do not realize that what differentiates San Francisco society from the merely wealthy pleasure colonies that encumber every city in the United States is the blood and tradition of the pioneers. They had brains and brawn and bravery, and they created out of a raw, wild little settlement on the sand dunes a fabulous atmosphere almost like that of Bagdad or Babylon.

It is not strange that writers and artists have always been attracted to San Francisco. The square where Robert Louis Stevenson lounged is marked by a careening galleon on a pedestal, and from it his creed, 'To earn a little and to spend a little less,' is duly presented to the turbaned Hindus, the liquid-eyed Italians, and the non-committal Chi-

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nese who trot by. Jack London loved the wharves and the water-front and the fisherman's market, where we may stroll and order oyster or a shrimp cocktail at one of the tiled bars which embellish every corner, or wait for a crab or lobster to be grilled on one of the pot-bellied iron stoves burning insouciantly on the sidewalk.

We may be sure that all who have loved San Francisco have climbed often to Telegraph Hill to watch the boats going out toward Alaska, toward the tropics of the South Seas, toward the Orient, tramp steamers and freighters, setting forth on their voyages, ferries and tugs and river boats plying back and forth, and liners from Europe making their way to port. Now there is an automobile road up to the summit of Telegraph Hill, and a parapet on which to lean, but for years there was only a semaphore on its bare shoulder to signal to the waiting crowds below the incoming of vessels. It was from here on an October morning in 1850 that the lookout saw the Oregon coming in hung with bunting and all flags flying. Her guns boomed as she entered the harbor, and the crowds below cheered and shrieked. Pistols were fired and bells rung and newspapers sold for five dollars apiece, for California had been admitted to the Union!

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Russian Hill is another artists' haunt. Here it was that the Russians — whose essay at colonization in California would, if successful, have changed the course of history — used to bury their dead. Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson lived here, and studios and tea-rooms have a way of materializing in garrets and cellars, with a flourish of Bakst draperies and the glint of a samovar.

There have always been admirable eating-places in San Francisco. Even in these days, which the older generation insist are degenerate, one may buy a delectable French dinner for fifty cents and a bottle of red wine for another fifty. There are Mexican and Spanish and Hawaiian restaurants. There are German beer parlors — yes, really — and queer little rooms where a Japanese girl, in a flowered kimono and with chopsticks in her doll-like hands, will cook sukiyaki for you at the table. And of course there is China Town.

Of all the places which have suffered modernization since 1906, the pessimists assure us, the most lamentable example is China Town. It has been commercialized and 'sanitized': it is merely a tourists' bazaar: there are no more opium dens and so forth. However, the stranger will find quite enough that is unfamiliar and lovely left along

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Grant Avenue to set his imagination tingling. He will stare at the pagoda-like buildings and the shop signs in Oriental characters, at the men with sculptured faces who sit on tea-boxes in front of small markets fantastically draped with dried livers and gelatinous mosses and displaying sharks' fins and green ginger jars and piled with bulbs and vegetables whose counterpart he has never seen before. He will catch a vision of a Chinese maiden, flushed a little as a delicate yellow rose is flushed, stepping into a limousine to join papa, magnificent in embroidered silk robes and silk shoes, and mamma, a fan in her slender hand, her shining black hair held with silver pins. He will see shop after shop with its jumble of lacquer and ivory, jade and porcelain. Strange odors will drift out to him and the monosyllables of stranger speech. There are restaurants where every one is eating chop suey or chow mein or bird's-nest soup with chopsticks; there are newspapers being composed by hand from thousands of pieces of type, each representing a word sign. Jewelers are working with exquisite patience in their niche-like shops on the side streets. The rich merchant has pulled down his shop shades while he drinks his tea from an eggshell cup without a handle. The poorer

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merchant is bending over his books, rapidly entering signs and figures with a pointed brush. If the stranger goes to the Chinese theater, he will hear music totally incomprehensible to his Western ears in every beat, in every cadence, and see upon the stage actors whose bewildering succession of garments and gorgeous head-dresses and whose gestures of archaic grace belong to a convention as unlike our own as is Hamlet to Hercules. Yes, there still remains in China Town enough to set the laymen goggling, perhaps even meditating a bit upon the mysteries of civilization and art.

San Francisco has so much of variety of life within its immediate confines that it is difficult to realize that it is surrounded by cities and suburbs, each claiming some distinction. The Greek Theater at the University of California — across the bay — is of gravest, most splendid beauty; Leland Stanford University at Palo Alto suggests something of the charm of the University of Virginia. The houses at Sausalito cling to the sides of the cliff or hang out over the water. At Berkeley, bewitching forms of domestic architecture have been evolved to fit the cañons and the economies of that community. The New-Englanders who carted their grandmothers' horsehair chairs and mahogany beds

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out to California, only to see them go up in smoke, have philosophically rebuilt homes with red-tiled roofs and patios and refurnished them with Chinese lacquer and Spanish awnings.

Cities press close in every direction. Oakland alone has a population of three hundred thousand. But San Francisco has not fallen victim to the mania for expansion. She is quite willing to let these booming centers boom away to prosperity on their own steam — which they are assuredly doing. San Francisco herself maintains her intense and concentrated individuality. Her past sends its roots down into the very depths of the earth; her present is pointing up into the sky; but in topography and spirit she scorns amorphous sprawling. It is a city of quality, not of extent.

The fog rolls in from the Golden Gate. To those who love San Francisco it is the elixir of life. For its chill breath has bred men and women of such individuality and force that without them the story of our United States would be dimmed of much of its piquancy, color, and zest.

CHAPTER II

CALIFORNIA AND THE MISSIONS

As we pull out of the pier and begin to swing around toward the Golden Gate, San Francisco seems to pull herself up even higher upon her hills. The abrupt streets, the sharp outlines of her tall office buildings soften, and the islands in the harbor drift into haze. It is rather a pity that the home of the United States Naval Station should have fallen into the popular designation of Goat Island. Its true name of Yerba Buena is not only more euphonious, but more interesting, since that was what the first white settlement on the site of the present San Francisco was called. It was not until shortly before the gold rush of '49 that the hamlets of Yerba Buena, the Mission, and the Presidio were gathered together as San Francisco. Alcatraz Island — the Island of the Pelicans — topped by the heavy bastions of the Federal Prison, was christened by Ayala, the first white man to sail through the Golden Gate, and Angel Island, where the Immigration Station is, was also named by him Nuestra Señora de los Angeles.

It is curious to recall that one of the three great

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harbors of the world was not discovered until 1775, although that keen-eyed navigator, Drake, had sailed fifteen miles north of the Golden Gate two hundred years before and even spent thirty-six days at what is now Drake's Bay. Without doubt he climbed Mount Tamalpais, and explored the Marin Hills, and the fact that he never saw or even heard of this immense tract of sheltered water with its precious islands seems accountable only on the theory that it did not exist at that time. Geologists and laymen cross swords over the possibility that what is now the Bay of San Francisco may have been, even as recently as when Drake was exploring the vicinity, a valley, watered by two rivers that rose in the north and emptied into the sea through Lake Merced. An earthquake could easily account for the disappearance of the valley and the appearance of the bay, and account, too, for the volcanic silhouette of Mount Tamalpais, the islands, and the hills of San Francisco.

Drake did, however, see those other islands which form a landmark for travelers passing in and out of the Golden Gate. He dubbed them the Islands of Saint James, and we must be grateful to Bodega, who changed that prosaic appellation to Los Farallones de los Frayles — the Rocks of the

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Friars — in honor of the pioneer monks. The Farallone Islands form themselves into three groups: the North Farallones are little more than a cluster of sharp rocks, jutting into the air for a hundred-odd feet and giving man no anchorage or even a landing-place, as countless generations of happy birds and seals have discovered. It is possible, however, with the proper boats and the necessary permission, to explore the Middle Rock and the South Farallones, and early in the nineteenth century those Russians, who were making such a valiant effort to form colonies along the coast, established a settlement here for seal hunting. Between 1809 and 1812, over one hundred and fifty thousand sealskins were brought in from the Farallone Islands, each pelt averaging from one and a half to two dollars, besides nearly a gallon and a half of oil. Even after the seals had been practically exterminated, according to man's usual short-sighted policy, the generous little isles continued to pour forth treasure. During the Gold Rush, eggs brought a dollar a dozen, and the enterprising fishermen, who, with a single boat and in three days' time, could bring back a thousand dozen eggs, found a more profitable trade than peddling nuggets. For years this collecting of eggs of the



MIDWAY POINT ON THE SEVENTEEN-MILE DRIVE, MONTEREY PENINSULA
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wild birds was carried on at the Farallones, and murre eggs, in spite of their fiery-colored yolks, were in common usage in San Francisco.

Our boat heads due south, and the mariner could tell us the name of every peak and cove discerned or not discernible on the mainland that runs beside us. The historian, too, could fasten fact and legends all the length of the magnificent coast. He could tell us that Monterey Bay was discovered by the earliest navigators and used by the Spanish galleons as a halfway station between Mexico and Manila. Later the pleasantly situated town, with its tiled roofs and white adobe walls, became the military center of Spanish authority in Alta California. It contained the only customs house in the province — it is still standing — and at it every trading vessel was obliged to enter its cargo. As it was the social center as well, here came the rancher, the foreign merchant, and the explorer. In its Presidio was such formal official life as could be offered in those days. Inevitably it was at Monterey — its name means the Mountain King — that Alta California declared its independence from Spain, and later, its independence from Mexico. It was at Monterey that Sloat raised the American flag and proclaimed California annexed to the United States.

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Even during that brief period of disturbance between California and Mexico, when the capital was temporarily removed to Los Angeles, Monterey retained the customs house and the treasury, its military headquarters, and social prestige.

Carmel-by-the-Sea — the artists' colony and much-loved resort — is not far from Monterey, and at Carmel is buried Father Junípero Serra, whose name brings us to one of the most glamorous chapters in the history of California.

Our boat, going south, is running in the same direction, but in reverse historical order to the most famous road upon the mainland. El Camino Real — the King's Highway — linked the missions along the western coast, and was the only road marked by Duflot de Maufras on his map of Alta California, which was published in Paris two years before the American occupation. Very familiar was this road to Father Junípero Serra, for it was he who founded at San Diego the first of the missions whose influence is inextricably associated with California.

After the Jesuits had been expelled by Spain from all her possessions, the Franciscans came, pressing up from Baja California, two by two, bringing with them a few soldiers, a few converted

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Indians, a little live stock, a piece or two of church furniture, and always the mission bells. In a little over forty years they founded a chain of missions extending from San Diego to San Francisco. They were architects, and their white walls and red tiles set the keynote for that type of building which is so proudly called Californian to-day. They were engineers, digging canals and making dams. They were agriculturalists, and their little packages of wheat and other grains, the seeds of Spanish oranges and olives, and the dried bundles of grapevines from Mexico were the beginning of California's agricultural greatness.

These early missions were one of the wonders of the New World. Like mediæval fortresses, they not only contained but trained blacksmiths, soap-makers, carpenters, saddle-makers. The converted Indian men took care of the herds and the harvests; the converted Indian women spun and wove, ground corn and washed clothes. Certain Indian youths were trained to play the violin, bass viols, reeds, flutes, and guitars. At the apex of its development a mission often sheltered over a thousand people. As El Camino Real was gradually beaten out between these oases, a traveler could pass from one to the other, being sure of hospitality all the

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way along. Thus it was that many explorers visited the missions in the days of their prosperity and we have full records of their activity. They tell us of the white-walled buildings, their pottery tiles brilliant in the sun, Castilian roses crowding around their doors, and, extending in every direction, immense fields of grain, vineyards, olive orchards, and orange groves. They also tell us with tender admiration of Padre Junípero Serra, whose ecstatic spirit, burning through the limitations of a sickly body, illumines one of the most amazing annals of the Church. Animated by the mystic zeal to wrestle with the human soul, he pushed his painful, his indefatigable way from Spain to Mexico, across the sandy waste of Baja California, over the mountains, and up into Alta California. And as he went he sought out the astonished Indian, and converted him as well as his eloquence and the other's perplexity could allow. The frail fanatical saint sincerely loved these copper-colored men and women, and indefatigably taught them to till the fields and attend mass. He limped hundreds of miles on his lame leg; he preached and prayed and put his own hand to the plough. And when he died in 1784, 'full of years and honors and bodily sores,' he was buried at the Misión de San Carlos del Río Carmel.

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There has never been any question of Padre Serra's rapt devotion to those discouragingly unresponsive aborigines he strove to pass through the gates of Paradise. But of late a skeptical generation has begun to inquire somewhat coldly both into the picture of mission life, so long presented as ideal, and its subsequent effect upon its members. Certain travelers' accounts have been resuscitated, which declare that the lot of the converted Indians was nothing less than the baldest slavery. They were placed under martial law, driven by armed soldiers to their long back-breaking labors, to their scanty meals, to the torture of mass, and to the miserable quarters where they slept. They were lashed into submission if they rebelled and cruelly punished if they ran away. Here, as only too frequently under Christianity, the natives were 'civilized into draught horses and evangelized into beasts of burden.'

In 1833, the Mexican Government secularized the missions, which was what Spain had intended from the beginning. By this new law every Indian was to have his own piece of land and to be no longer under the control of the Church. The padres were to give up their wealth and their lands and to leave for other missionary fields. It was ex-

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pected that the Indian, so painfully trained by now in the arts of civilization, could support himself. The expectation was not fulfilled. He reverted to his wild life and found himself unfitted for it. He went to the towns and was exploited and ill treated. Like the walls of the missions, his faith in God and in the white man crumbled. For all their long years of theological and spiritual wrestling with the Indian, the padres were never able to show him why it was more desirable to plough fields from dawn to dusk like a slave than to roam over them desultorily as a master and a free hunter. The obtuse red man could not be persuaded that four permanent walls were superior to an ephemeral tent which could be burned down as soon as it became untenable, or abandoned when one felt the wanderlust.

But in spite of these disappointments with the Indians, the missionaries made a profound impression upon California civilization. The buildings which they designed and the hands of their hundreds of neophytes erected — albeit reluctantly — permanently dignified the whole countryside from San Diego to San Francisco. It is the many-times-restored mission at Santa Barbara which attracts thousands of tourists annually, for it serves as an

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architectural climax to a town whose consistently sustained unity in street and suburb is one of the adornments of America.

One might speculate whether it is the last vestige of the religious fervor of the padres or merely the same climatic condition which accounts for the phenomenal eruption of churches and creeds of all sorts and kinds in the great city of Los Angeles, which is our next stop. For surely in no other metropolis known to man do so many excited sects continually spring into being. The streets of what was originally named La Ciudad de Nuestra Señora la Reina de los Angeles are a succession of temples, churches, chapels, meeting-houses, synagogues, and ethical-culture halls. Even a moving-picture house may be modeled like a Moorish mosque and a dairyman or a 'realtor' thinks it entirely suitable to design his milk station or his office upon the lines of Christian crypt or pagan mausoleum. This enthusiasm for inner virtue is only equaled by the zeal for outer grace. Face-lifting parlors, beauty salons, schools of rhythm and physical culture sprout up — perhaps ephemerally, but none the less persistently — on every avenue and side street, so that the whole vast city may be said to be upborne on the twin wings of spiritual and bodily aspiration.

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It is easy — too easy — to poke good-natured fun at Los Angeles. It lays itself open to such chaffing by its loud and perpetual insistence upon its extent in miles, its wealth in money, its felicity of climate. It is still suffering from the growing pains of adolescence. But in spite of its braggadocio, it is a city of an unpredictable future, of a present and a past by no means devoid of atmosphere.

Los Angeles was originally founded by Felipe de Neve in 1781, with eleven families as settlers. Its site was selected for its fertility, and the original pueblo was laid out in accordance with a highly intelligent plan for managing the financial and economical problems of government. The pueblo had a central plaza about which were the court-house, town hall, church, granaries, and jail. Each of the settlers was given a home site, several acres of farming land, live stock, farming implements, and some money. There were no taxes, as some of the land was reserved for public property and rented, the proceeds being used for purposes of government. The pueblo was ruled by an alcalde or mayor and a council chosen by the people. To advise with these officers there was a commission which represented the government of the country. The first settlers who came up from Mexico were

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idle and uneducated. Later, a better class of good Spanish stock obtained grants from the Government, bought cattle from the mission herds, and began stock-raising. This was the beginning of the pastoral period — of spacious living, of great solitary ranchos and arcadian pleasures. Each farmhouse was constructed around a central patio: there were many servants, plenty of primitive comfort, the master riding over his acres in the morning, and the mistress organizing the labors of her numerous maids in the kitchen and laundry, weaving-room, and nursery, very like the colonial period in Virginia. There was the same love of horses which characterized Virginia, the same house parties and gayly prolonged wedding festivities, one of which is vividly described by Richard Henry Dana in his 'Two Years Before the Mast.' The vessels from Spain brought laces and velvets, fans and finery, as well as less decorative essentials. Here, as in her other colonies, Spain practiced the short-sighted policy which was to hasten her fall in the New World. She would not permit Los Angeles to sell any produce to foreign ships, commanded that all trade be carried on in Spanish vessels, and forbade any shipping of olive oil, wine, or anything that could be raised or made in the mother country.

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Since there was so much similarity in soil and climate between the two, this law necessarily stopped all outside trade except that connected with cattle-raising, such as hides and tallow. After the territory became a Mexican province, the rules regarding foreign trade relaxed and New England vessels freely entered the port on payment of certain duties.

This pastoral period is rich in material for the novelist, but Los Angeles is so busy advertising her present that she has hardly exploited her past. This phenomenal city, which was a Spanish pueblo in the memories of our grandfathers, and now claims, with its four hundred and ten square miles, the largest area of any city in the United States, continues to extend her boundaries. The great beaches with their miles of sand and their crowding myriads of bathers, the suburbs with their Tunisian palaces, French châteaux, and English estates; Hollywood with its staggering monthly crop of millionaires — all of these diverse sections are being sucked into the jurisdiction of the city. But perhaps the most unparalleled expansion was the creating of a harbor twenty-five miles distant and annexing it to the city.

Los Angeles had long smarted under the dis-

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advantage of not being a seaport, and so, in 1896 and 1909, she annexed the two harbor towns of Wilmington and San Pedro and proceeded to carve out a harbor with forty miles of water-front, out of which now operate about one hundred and sixty steamship lines, six trans-continental railroads, and a monthly volume of about two million tons. The construction of this immense basin — which bears the name of Los Angeles Harbor — is a marvel. The breakwater is over two miles long, twenty feet wide at the top and two hundred at the base, with a seventy-three-foot lighthouse with a range of fourteen miles. Ninety-five per cent of the wharves, sheds, and port facilities are owned and operated by the city of Los Angeles, which, besides being the center of the moving-picture industry and the possessor of an unsurpassable climate and diversified fertility, is now one of the great seaports!

It would be wearisome to tabulate Los Angeles' parks and museums, public buildings, industries, and natural advantages. It is a city approaching the two million mark, but, as giantism is not a fatal malady, it may ultimately recover from its present attack. The traveler passing through will be amazed by contrasts. Hotels more splendid than royal palaces and shanty towns that would

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shame an itinerant camp meeting; lawns as meticulously shorn and weeded as putting greens cheek by jowl with vacant lots dotted by blowing papers. The wildly bizarre elbows the depressingly commonplace, and architectural miscegenation is a crime which is not punished or even perceived. But one must remember that what is true of Los Angeles to-day may not be true to-morrow. When we visit a European city, we recognize the streets and buildings which writers and artists have made familiar to the world for centuries, and which will greet us again in a decade or in two. But in America, and particularly in Los Angeles, we must return every year or so if we would keep up with the changing vistas. Good taste is granted quite as much opportunity as bad, and six months from now a faultless Spanish house — a glorified and legitimate heir of the pastoral days — may occupy the lot where at present the turrets of a Norman keep struggle with the gables of a Chinese pagoda.

Cabrillo and Vizcaíno would not recognize the harbor of San Pedro. But George Vancouver, the English navigator, would be gratified to find that the name Point Fermin still remains. For Father Fermín de Lausen, who followed Father Junípero Serra as president of the missions in California,



IN THE CLOISTER OF THE SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO MISSION NEAR SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

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made a profound impression on Vancouver, as he did on all who met him. La Pérouse, the French navigator, writes of 'his sweetness of temper, his benevolence and love for the Indians,' and Vancouver speaks of his gentle manners, his venerable and placid countenance.

So Point Fermin reminds us that, after all, this glorious country, of which we keep catching glimpses as we proceed on our long coastwise journey, is far more than a rich domain of commerce and agriculture. It was a province by which Spain hoped to increase her wealth and glory, and which her padres strove to add to the kingdom of Heaven. Gold was to assist in both of these operations. For, said Christopher Columbus in a letter to King Ferdinand, 'Gold is the most excellent of metals. With gold we can not only do whatever we please in this world, but we can employ it to snatch souls from Purgatory.'

We cannot see the white crescent of San Diego from our steamer. And listen as we may, we cannot hear the faint chiming of the mission bells. They were unpacked by Father Serra himself, and hung upon the trees, and a christianized Indian, whom he had brought with him from Baja California, struck them. The good father, his face alight with

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that radiance which streams from within, held the cross high. There was chanting. The bells tinkled and a few muskets were fired. That was in 1769, and marked the establishment of the first mission.

Father Serra toiled north up the long and unknown coast. We are sailing south — down toward the peninsula, Baja California — the mother of our California.

CHAPTER III

BAJA CALIFORNIA AND THE WEST COAST OF MEXICO

As we steam along the coast of Lower California — Baja California — diaphanous hills, strips of sandy beach, or craggy shore keep rhythmical pace with us. From this apparently uninhabited land, legends of 'seven golden cities' drifted to Europe: here California history was born and from here California received her name.

A certain best-seller appeared in Spain four hundred years ago, called 'Las Sergas de Esplandián.' Readers of 'Don Quixote' may recall it as the first book which the curate and the barber sent to the fire when they burned the library of the luckless knight. Castillo tells us that the soldiers of Cortez carried copies in their luggage. The author of the book, Ordoñez de Montalvo, explains that in the New World is an island called California, populated only by women, rich in gold and pearls and governed by the Queen Califa whose charms played havoc with all the soldiers of fortune. Proof has been laboriously produced that Montalvo got the name from 'La Chanson de

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Roland' which described a marvelous land called Califerne. Still another research scholar now triumphantly explains that Califerne was a fortified city of Barbary. Other explanations are that Cortez on landing employed two Latin words, *Callida* and *fornax* (Great Heart): that it was derived from the Spanish *cala*, a small cove, and the Latin *fornix*, an arch. Near the Cape of San Lucas there is a small cove with a perfect arch at its western end. The Greek *kalos* and the Arabic *califa* have also been offered as possible roots. Wherever Montalvo got the name, certain it is that his romance is still entertaining to read. It begins:

'Be it known unto you that at the right hand of the Indies [*sic*] there was an island formed of the largest rocks known and called California, very near to the terrestrial Paradise. This island was inhabited by robust dark women of great strength and great warm hearts, who lived almost as Amazons, and no man lived among them. Their weapons and the trappings of the wild beasts which they rode after taming them were entirely of gold, and no other metal existed on the island. The people lived in well-hewn caves. They had many ships in which they made excursions to other countries, where they caught men whom they carried away

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and subsequently killed. During periods of peace with their neighbors they commingled with them without restraint. When children were born the females were preserved, but the males were killed at once, saving only those required to guard against depopulation, so that their domination over the land would be securely maintained.

‘There were many griffins on the island, and they were a great torment. There were also an infinite number of wild beasts which are found in no other part of the world. When these animals had young the women went to fetch them and carried them, covered with heavy skins to their caves, and there bred them and fed them with the men and male children. The women brought up these animals with such skill that they knew them well and did them no harm, and they attacked and killed any man who entered the island and ate him; and when their appetite was sated they would take them up flying into the air and let them fall from great heights, killing them instantly.’

This is, as Mrs. Atherton remarks in her ‘California — An Intimate History,’ of value if only to show what the early Spaniards considered the ‘great warm heart’ of woman.

It was this fabulous land that Ordoño Ximénez

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— whose name should be a boon to cross-word puzzle devotees — visited in 1534. Cortez and Cabrillo came shortly after, and the name appeared for the first time on a map by Domingo Castillo in 1542 and applied to all the land from Cape San Lucas up the coast as far north as forty-four degrees.

It did not, however, come definitely under Spanish control until 1697, when Father Juan María Salvatierra, in company with other ecclesiastics, took possession of it in the name of the Spanish Crown. These Jesuits labored diligently and in vain to colonize the arid peninsula. Neither soil nor souls proved responsive, and when, seventy years later, Spain banished the Jesuits from all her possessions, they left, still believing Baja California to be an island, and having made no attempt to penetrate Alta California, which they believed to be also an island.

This rolling region, drifting tranquilly past us, has to this day refused to yield her secrets or her fertility to man. Although pearls have been wrested from her ocean, she has kept whatever gold she may possess hidden deep in the earth. She grudges water to the agriculturalist or converts to the priests. Self-contained and uninvaded, she

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has for centuries watched history float by her shores. She could answer the question, now engrossing the ethnologists, as to whence and when came to Mexico that ancient Oriental infusion that has left its traces in jade idols of Chinese suggestion, in the Buddhist swastika, and various Japanese words in the Aztec language. She could describe for us those great Spanish galleons, almost as high as they were long, with poop and prow rearing castle-like above their bulwarks. Armorial escutcheons were emblazoned on the lofty deck-house, the woodwork was carved and gilded, tall octagonal lanterns were perched on the painted posts, while royal banners and pennons floated from the masts and rigging. Within their stately sides were gold, stowed in massive iron-bound chests with triple locks, sapphires, rubies, and pearls, ambergris, musk, and brocade, perfumes, laces, porcelains, and spice. The commander of the galleon was given the title of general, with a dazzling uniform and a salary substantial enough to keep him from turning pirate and making off with the cargo.

She could tell us of the plate ships, carrying not only the royal fifths (twenty per cent) due the King from all the gold and silver mined in the Indies,

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but also the precious metals belonging to private persons, solid bars of silver, chests of silver coin, gold in ingots or wedges. Plata is Spanish for silver, and the English, with their usual indifference to pronunciation of foreign words, dubbed the ships which carried this silver the 'plate ships' — and many a rich haul did English pirates find in them. And, perhaps most significant of all, this coast could describe for us the Golden Hind, the first English ship to circumnavigate the globe, for it came beating its way up this very coast in 1578 — a cockleshell of a hundred tons, making progress by water more swiftly than news of its arrival could be carried by land. It was laden with Chilean wines and food; with a great cross of gold and emeralds; with silver purloined from the backs of little gray llamas in Peruvian passes; with pearls and diamonds, silks and porcelains, and thousands of pounds of gold, and it was commanded by Sir Francis Drake. History has accorded the man, to whom Queen Elizabeth affectionately referred as 'My dear Pyrat,' the highest honors as a navigator, as a soldier, and as a statesman with far-reaching and intelligent aims for the establishment of British power, and plans for British colonization. His versatility is not so well known. He spent many hours on his

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voyages painting with his young boy cousin, John Drake; he kept an orchestra of expert 'musitians' to entertain himself, his crew, and his guests. And he was so keen a psychologist that he made a point of creating a sumptuous impression in foreign ports — even to sprinkling perfumed waters on the deck when honored visitors approached. In Offenburg, Germany is a statue of Drake. It shows him leaning on an anchor on the deck of a ship, in his right hand a map of America and in his left a cluster of bulbous roots. On the pedestal is inscribed: 'Sir Francis Drake, the introducer of potatoes into Europe in the year of our Lord 1586.' There is no statue of the great navigator in Baja California, but if there were, we fancy he would be presented in more dashing guise.

To these old hills brooding under the sun the time did not seem very long between the graceful flight of the Golden Hind, with its sails bellying in the wind, to that February in 1849 when the first steamship to visit these waters (the Panama) chugged its noisy and awkward way up the coast. Now traffic is an old story. Through the languorous days and the starlit nights freighters and steamships pass in continual procession. Since the Volstead Act, certain cities in the northern part of

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the peninsula have suddenly been discovered by thirsty Americans. La Ensenada, along with certain other Mexican territory, has become a popular week-end destination of excursion boats from Los Angeles. But the southern part of this finger of Mexico is as yet unexplored by the tourist. There are ranches here and occasional villages, but perhaps those who know it best are those who view it frequently from the steamers and freighters. They are familiar with the undulation of the hills, with pointing promontory and half-revealed beach. They are familiar with those tropical sunsets that flare in streamers of green and gold, that whirl upward in opalescent columns from the unbroken horizon. They are familiar with the great tortoise paddling his way along the water's surface, with a bird utilizing the moving carapace for a pied à terre.

Those who know the coast can tell precisely when we pass the tip of Baja California, where Cortez landed, and begin to see the skyline of Mexico — that rich country whose people and whose history, whose culture and resources we appreciate so little.

Of this Mexico we have only a glimpse on this trip. Our steamer stops for a day at Mazatlán, one of the two largest Mexican cities on the western coast, and an important railroad terminus.



THE COAST, MAZATLÁN, MEXICO



LOOKING SEAWARD FROM MAZATLÁN

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A rocky bluff, its bold sides streaked in purple stratification, rears abruptly from the ocean to announce to us the entrance to the harbor. At the base of the rock creams and curdles the surf, on the top is held aloft the second highest lighthouse in the world. Promontories, islands, and inlets break up the harbor into extreme irregularity, and the crests of the hills are accented, one by the turrets of the Mexican Naval Station, another by a cross. The town ranges itself along the shore under the protection of the domed and spired cathedral.

Mazatlán immediately presents to the traveler the complete *mise-en-scène* of a tropical town. Palm trees slant against the sky; broad banana leaves are tattered in the breeze; thatched *cabañas* cling to the pink and purple precipices. The streets are lined by adobe houses, their walls cream or blue or mauve, their windows grilled with iron bars, and their front doors ajar, revealing a slit of the green patios within. It is all here — all that soft and graceful confusion of life lived on the doorstep. Girls in black mantillas; diminutive donkeys almost totally eclipsed by their loads of charcoal or fagots; blazing flowers around the bandstand; old women — oh, so very old — in the shadow of the cathedral. The market is here, with its counters

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piled with pottery, with multicolored serapes, with broad-brimmed Mexican hats, with fruit of strange shape. You can buy avocados for five cents each and more mangos than you can carry for a dollar. The little Latin towns of Europe are succumbing to modernity and to the annual onrush of the tourist. But Mazatlán still holds her own. There are automobiles here, to be sure. We may take one of them if we prefer it to the native two-wheeled *araña*, for a drive around the high water-front. The roads wind in those easy curves whose secret the American engineer has never seemed wholly to master, and at those very points where the eye wishes to linger and the foot to pause curve balustraded benches, as if the builders, too, had loved the view of the harbor, with its tattered promontories and islands, with its rosy and orchid cliffs. Here and there the sky is framed by the crumbling arches of a building, fulfilling its supreme and final artistic mission as a ruin.

There are other buildings than *cabañas* and ruins in Mazatlán. The various consulates, the military barracks, the antiquated bull-ring, the modern and most excellent brewery, and a hotel whose breezy patio glitters with Spanish tiles and whose tall windows are sometimes wet with ocean spray. It

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claims from thirty-five thousand to fifty thousand people, and if it does not appear to have sufficient houses for that number, we must remember that in a warm country one roof can suffice for many people. Not that Mazatlán is uncomfortably warm. It is just under the Tropic of Cancer, in approximately the same latitude as Havana and Mexico City. For three months a year there is summer here, with summer heat, but for the remaining months the climate is of that light and refreshing quality which would beguile the most confirmed pessimist.

It would be preposterous, of course, to judge a large and varied country like Mexico from one sea-coast town. As well define the United States from a day spent at Provincetown, on Cape Cod. But an incident occurs at this moment which is more indicative of the whole country than the surprised American realizes. A boy comes out of the hotel and proceeds in leisurely fashion to the bank. He is carrying a large uncovered tray, piled with gold and silver. It is a fortune to any of the half a hundred men he passes, but, although they all exchange greetings with the money-carrier, none even looks at the tempting pile of coin. We recall that in our American cities such deposits must be sent under

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guard, in an armored car, by a bonded messenger. Can it be that we are more lawless than the Mexican? Impossible! We have been fed for years on lurid accounts of our neighbor's brigandage.

'So you are coming to the United States.' An American business man was chatting with a Mexican business man. 'Will you be in my city — Chicago?'

The Mexican lifts his hands in alarm. 'Oh, no, I should not dare. There are too many revolutions and assassinations there! And in New York I understand there are hold-ups every day.'

He, like ourselves, has read the newspapers. Only he reads Mexican reports of American turbulences and we read American reports of his. The Mexicans are fond of repeating the Spanish proverb: 'Vemos la paja en el ojo del vecino, pero no vemos la viga en el nuestro.' This concerns the mote in our neighbor's eye and the beam in our own.

Mazatlán — meaning the Place of the Deer — was founded by Cortez. You may pass on the street white-skinned and dark-bearded gentlemen who may have descended from some of the urbane caballeros of that adventurous time. Their hands and feet are small: they carry themselves erectly

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and look out with composure from under their level brows. There is tropical color here and the casualness of primitive life. But although you may buy an armful of peasant pottery for a few cents, and although the laborer is eating his black beans by the side of the road with the omnipresent tortilla — or pancake — as a spoon, you are missing something of the essential quality of Mazatlán if you note only what is crude. There is a grace to the turn of the balustrades upon the sea-drive; a winning implication in the bright birds hopping in their cages in the grilled windows. And implications are baffling to the literal-minded American.

As we leave Mazatlán, the lighthouse, the naval station turreted like a mediæval castle, and the outstretched arms of the cross are filigreed against the sky. The spires of the cathedral overshadow the town along the shore. Yes, it is very different from an American city. Quite other elements of living are emphasized upon its skyline. They have instinctively fitted the castellations of their buildings to the jagged landscape: they have instinctively reflected the tints of a tropical sunset on their adobe walls.

This is our first port of call upon an alien shore.

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It is our first glimpse of a civilization with modes of thought and feeling unlike our own, and with features of a different, perhaps more enduring refinement.

CHAPTER IV

GUATEMALA CITY

THE basket which lifts us out of the steamer at Champerico, and drops us, suddenly but not un-
surely, into the waiting lighter below, seems to
pause for a moment in midair as if to give us our
first bird's-eye view of Guatemala.

We see the volcanic mountains scalloped in
regular pattern against the glorious sky; we see
breakers on the shore, and we see an endless sweep
of tree-tops undulating away to the horizon. And
then, after a trip in the lighter and another high
swing in the basket to the pier, we are on the
train bound for the eight-hour trip from Cham-
perico to the capital. It is entirely fitting that we
should begin our penetration of this unknown coun-
try through a tunnel of living jungle. Guatemala
— the Indian name was Quahtemala — means the
land of trees, and our first impression is, indeed,
of trees — trees — trees — pressing each other in
dense tropical tangle. Mahogany is here, rose-
wood, ironwood, and valuable dyewoods. Along
the coast are cocoanuts, palms, and bananas. As

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we climb the five thousand feet to Guatemala City, we shall meet pines. A thousand feet in altitude is, roughly speaking, equal to a thousand miles of latitude. So Guatemala, with its mountains, a part of that range which extends from Alaska to the Straits of Magellan, offers every variety of climate and a possibility for every species of vegetation.

Trees are here, and Indians. Guatemala has the largest population of any of the Central American Republics, and nine tenths of it is Indian. As the train begins its leisurely ascent, these Indians are immediately presented to us. Around each jumbled settlement of thatched mud houses, before each small station, stand naked Indian babies, the nobility of childhood conflicting with the racial impassivity of their features: Indian boys with white teeth and straight black hair; Indian men with machetes in their hands cutting the grass from the side of the tracks; Indian women in long skirts and brightly embroidered huipiles offering us fruits.

Indians and trees; Indians felling the trees; Indians carrying piles of fagots and charcoal on their backs; Indians thatching the tall peaks of their mud houses with the leaf of the palm and wattleing their fences with saplings. The railroad bores a tunnel through the ever-crowding, ever-encroach-

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ing forest, and the laborers continually cut it back with their swinging machetes.

They do it with good will, for these narrow-gauge rails represent far more than a mere railroad track. This is a general highway, and, as our engine pushes its way on and up, cows, pigs, and horses, saddleless or with riders, gallop ahead and swerve off to let us pass. As we disappear into a fresh subway — for the green walls starred with hibiscus or lantana almost meet above us — women with babies strapped to their backs, little girls balancing water-jugs and baskets on their heads, men, and boys emerge from the embankment, where they stepped for safety, and resume their silent trudging way along the ties. All day long these small human groups scatter to let us pass and surge softly back again as we disappear into the illimitable forest.

Indians, trees, and mountains, for the splendor of Guatemala lies upon the steep slopes of her twenty-eight volcanoes, nearly all of them perfect cones, with clouds wreathing their summits, or lying scarf-like across their breasts. Two of these volcanoes, Agua and Fuego — water and fire — watch us during the one hundred and sixty-five miles to Guatemala City, apparently turning as

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we turn, as mountains and the eyes of portraits have a trick of doing.

It is not jungle all the way to Guatemala City. There are open savannahs; the thatched mud cottages give place to the tiled adobe ones, or, in the large centers, to buildings of matched boards with roofs of corrugated tin. The edges of the streams are brightened by women kneeling on the rocks washing clothes. Here is a stream dammed for hydro-electric purposes. And finally, after three quarters of the journey is behind us, we come to the limpid sweep of Lake Amatitlan, its clear surface occasionally veiled by floating blue hyacinths or broken by spouting hot springs. Farther out breed the mojarras, that fish which Gage described three hundred years ago as 'Much like unto the mullet, although not altogether so big, and eateth like it.' When Gage wrote, the town of Amatitlan was of some importance, and the fashionable folk of Guatemala came here for hot baths. There was a rich church and a 'goodly and sumptuous cloister,' but now clear waters of the lake reflect chiefly the immense masses of clouds which drift across the clearer sky or garland the heads of the mountains. Up, up, up through the forest silence into that cool and steadily equable climate which

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is one of her chief virtues, we come, in the later afternoon, to Guatemala City.

Guatemala City is not old. The earthquake of 1918 destroyed so much of that which was built at the original founding in 1776 that the present metropolis may almost be said to date from then. It has a modern hotel; shops stocked with imported goods; a bandstand in the plaza; barracks, churches, municipal offices, consulates, and president's mansion; a cathedral — housing a black Virgin — and a native market that refuses to be confined by a building as big as a circus tent, but must — true to the nature of tropical markets — overflow to the sidewalks and streets. To this malodorous jumble of meats, fish, fruit, hand-woven cotton, embroidered belts and headbands, earthen pots, fine hammocks of pita fiber, carved and painted gourds, baskets, bags and mattings, the tourist is inevitably attracted. It takes more than a cursory glance to unearth the mysteries of this vast, confused bazaar: to learn that the best cotton cloth is woven with a flat thread without any introduction of the imported silks which fade; that it is embroidered in bold primitive designs and colored with vegetable dyes; to learn that there are eighteen kinds of alligator pears, and that many of the

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most aromatic herbs have only their Maya-Quiché names. One visit or even a dozen will not reveal all the treasure of native fruits and flavorings or secrets of woven handwork.

Neither will a drive or walk up and down the straight streets, solidly lined with low adobe buildings, reveal the intimate life. They all look rather alike to us, these pink and blue and yellow façades, with their grilled windows and their huge double doors. This door is often over twelve feet high and six inches thick, with a smaller one cut in it for convenience. The frequent cantinas, opening directly onto the sidewalk, reveal bottles on the shelves, men leaning over the counter or seated at tables. So do the tiny shops with their small stores of eatables or furniture. But the private houses present to the passer-by a monotonous uniformity. Only if we are fortunate enough to step into the *zaguán* — or even look past it — can we form an idea of the pleasant and hospitable life within. The *jardín* is the center of that life; the chambers and living-rooms open into it; here is a fountain, baskets of hanging ferns, palms in pots, vividly feathered birds in cages. It is airy and secluded, and people who live in earthquake countries have found that the *jardín*, or the patio behind — which is the



JUG-VENDERS OUTSIDE THE MARKET, GUATEMALA CITY

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kitchen courtyard — is the safest place to run at the first indication of a temblor.

The fanciful knockers on the doors of Guatemala City are famous: a slender brass hand, or an archaic bronze cat, glints upon many a door. Happy the stranger in the city who is privileged to tap one and to step across the threshold.

Guatemala City is worth seeing, not because it is handsome or old, because it is neither, but because it is the largest city in Central America and creates a certain curious impression of self-containment. It does not depend upon Mexico or Europe or the United States or tourists. There are plenty of foreigners here: English, Germans, and Americans, with their business interests, their comfortable houses and clubs, and that rather strenuous social life characteristic of foreign colonies. But they have not vitiated the city's peculiar Indian quality. The criolló is exemplified in the bull-ring, in the cathedral, in the legends associated with the various churches: the stones of Santo Domingo are said to have been laid in mortar mixed with milk and sugar cane; those of San Francisco in mortar mixed with whites of eggs. And in these churches patterned after Spanish tradition kneel the Indians, hopefully accepting the white man's assurance of

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an eternal and a happier life. This immense majority constitutes part of the political and economic problem in Guatemala's progress although, in spite of the numbers of Indians, Guatemala has always been ruled by the white man. But besides the situation which the mere bulk of his existence creates, the Indian is supremely important as part of that background which makes all Guatemala of increasing value to the ethnologists and to the historian. For it needs only a glance at many of those distinctive profiles to recognize in the man who carries your trunk upon his back to your hotel, or in the woman who shyly accepts your laundry bag, a descendant of those Mayas who, centuries before the Christian era, raised in their forests cities, temples, courts, and sculptured monoliths, whose complex carvings are only now being partially deciphered.

While the Mayan culture reached its highest point in the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries, the archæologists tell us that the first millennium before Christ, while our own ancestors were barbarians, the Mayas developed a system of hieroglyphics comparable with the graphic systems of Egypt, Babylon, or Greece. More complex than the Aztec, it stands at the unique point where graphic symbols

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were occasionally used to express sounds instead of concrete ideas. Some hundreds of simple elements were combined variously to compose a large number—probably thousands—of compound hieroglyphics,⁷ whose complexity is as great as their beauty. About half of the 'glyphs have been deciphered. As for their measurement of time and forecasting of astronomical events, they record dates with such accuracy that no confusion exists between any two days within a period of more than three hundred and seventy thousand years. This brilliant and extraordinary people worked out calendars in which the lunar month, involving a difficult fractional calculation, is precisely coördinated with the solar calendar over a long period of time. They predicted eclipses, and accurately recorded the movements and phases of the planets. They erected certain monuments at five, ten, and twenty year intervals, so that some of these intricately carved monoliths are actually five-year almanacs. This scientific interest was accompanied by a spiritual one, for the Mayas regarded the world as an arena of conflict between two opposing forces. The sun, source of light and life, battled with the night, the emblem of darkness and death.

The study of this Mayan civilization draws

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an increasing number of students and curiosity-seekers to Guatemala. If you have time there are a score of places where you may go and scratch away the creepers and moss from what looks like a dead tree-trunk, and with your own finger trace the exquisite engraving made with stone tools upon stone many centuries before the birth of Christ. The stelæ of Quirigua extend twenty feet above the ground and ten or fifteen below. They average twenty tons in weight, thus adding a problem of engineering to the mystery in the brooding faces and the baffling hieroglyphics. If you have no time on your visit to Guatemala to go into the forest, you may study the carefully made casts of many of the sculptures in the Smithsonian Institution and in the British Museum.

By a small irony the men who have been most instrumental in discovering these ruined cities are the chicle hunters. For the chewing gum which occupies the jaws of a million American shopgirls depends upon chicle, and these forests are the native habitat of that commodity. Thus it is that an incongruous pair — chicle hunter and archæologist — are hand in hand in explorations of Guatemala.

If you wonder why it is that the Indians in Gua-

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temala no longer produce architects and astronomers, you might remember, among other possible contributory causes for this decline, that when Alvarado took possession of the country in 1522, his treatment of the natives was such that in the first fifteen years more than four million died. These were the bravest and the best. The weaker ones he branded and enslaved. Such decimation amounts almost to the obliteration of any civilization.

In the depths of those forests which are growing over the Mayan ruins, the quetzal — the Mayan bird of paradise — still finds the solitude its shy soul requires. Guatemaltecos have a penchant for hanging tropical songsters in cages at their window or in the patios. But the quetzal refuses to live in captivity. Thus it has become the national emblem of liberty, and if you would see its shining tail and rainbow crest you must look in Guatemala's coat of arms.

One of the most engrossing objects in Guatemala City is the gigantic relief map on the ground of the race-course, near the showy Temple of Minerva. This map is approximately a hundred and fifty feet square, carefully worked out in every detail of mountain, ravine, and river. To study it is to study

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the history of a republic about the size of North Carolina, with seaports on both the Atlantic and the Pacific, and containing a little less than one fifth of the land between Panama and Mexico. It shows us why, although Guatemala lies in the tropics, that the thermometer in Guatemala City stays at 62° to 77° the year around. It shows us those smiling volcanoes, whose shifting colors and sculptured contours make every day and every twilight a procession of glory, and whose eruptions have so many times changed the course of the little nation's history. It explains also why the country could recuperate so swiftly from the eruption of 1918, which killed a thousand people and did thirty million dollars' worth of damage. For Guatemala's wealth is not in her cities, but in her great plantations of coffee and sugar; in her herds and timber. It shows us Lake Amatitlan filling an extinct crater twenty-five miles long and five thousand feet above the level of the sea, with eighteen islands in its surface, and on its shore eleven Indian villages, each named after one of the Apostles. It does not indicate, however, that drowned and forgotten city far below the level of the lake, the outlines of whose submerged stone buildings may be discerned on a very clear day, and from which divers have brought

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up certain beautiful artifacts which are preserved in the museum in San Francisco. It does show a waterfall, seven hundred feet high, and that immense sea of forest over which the clouds float, and in which Guatemala's past is buried, and out of which her future wealth will some day emerge.

Look at this map and realize that here under these climatic conditions of extreme diversity met two opposing civilizations. A stone age, whose elaboration has never been paralleled, was brought in contact with the high flower of feudal Spain — one of the most curious juxtapositions in history. But to realize what that Spanish civilization was, we must go to Antigua, thirty miles away.

CHAPTER V

ANTIGUA

It is a thirty-mile drive from Guatemala City to Antigua — a winding and continually ascending drive. The Spaniards, who loved sunshine as well as gold, knew how to select a location whose climate and whose vista should be unparalleled.

On the hills between the two cities lie Indian pueblos — Mixco, San Lucas, Santa Lucía — with their whitewashed walls and isolated wayside shrines, each with its provincial traditions, each with a jealously preserved costume. The whole thirty winding miles is vivified by a slow trickle of heavy ox-carts, laden donkeys, and of Indian men and women, the strong red and blue of their blouses contrasting with the tawny road. Each one of the odd, jogging figures carries its load. The women and little girls balance huge, unwieldy bulks upon their heads and hold themselves very erect as they trot along. The men and small boys maintain the same jog-trot, but their burdens are packed into a wooden framework — a *cacaxtli* — and held in place by a leather headpiece — a *tumpline* — which

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passes across their foreheads. An Indian thinks nothing of carrying two hundred pounds for a hundred miles, and even a child will cheerfully trot the thirty miles from Antigua to Guatemala City in hope of selling a parcel of mats, a basket of ripe papayas, or a trio of pigs that straggle back and forth across the road.

This irregular procession of moving figures and animals seems as irresistible as a river seeping through a porous dam. It is so persistent in its dogged rhythm: it is so silent.

The Indians of Guatemala are not of the warlike tribes whose descendants in Mexico have always refused to acknowledge the white man, but docile, regarding their conqueror with veneration and carrying his burdens and their own uncomplainingly.

Those who have seen the miserable subjugation of the red man in our own United States must be affected by the dignity of his independence in Guatemala. Here he has his own villages, his own plot of corn. His women weave the firm cotton cloth with its primitive tribal designs; his children carry earthen jars to the village *pila* for water and play with the puppies on the doorstep. From our cities and from our plains the red man has 'moved away to another more remote and shadowy region,

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not known to geographers.' Perhaps that region is Guatemala, where he who once possessed the whole American continent may still possess his own life. He may not be a driving force in the great march of modernity, or an important economic factor in the world of commerce; nevertheless, the Indian has a right to exist, and it gives one a sense of satisfaction to see him thus existing in his own pueblos, carrying at his own volition the produce he has raised, to the market which he sustains.

There are not only Indians on the road from Guatemala City to Antigua. Prosperous haciendas spread their terraces, their gardens, their fields of corn upon the mountain-side, and glossy leaves and bright berries proclaim the native or the foreign-owned coffee finca or plantation.

The road, where once only the hooves of oxen or the feet of the red man paced, is now wide and hard enough for an automobile. The handful of laborers at every turn, with pick and wheelbarrow and shovel, mending and patching and widening, suggest that it will not be long before all this magnificent country will be open to the touring machine. So let us press on quickly before that great onrush and see Antigua while it still drowns in its dream of the past.

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For what a past it was! Shattered in 1717, and rebuilt, shaken again in 1773, and again returned to, it presents to us a picture of grandeur and royal living unique in North America.

On all four sides of the plaza stand arcades of palace and university and the fretted façade of the cathedral. These streets and this plaza were laid out by none other than the great engineer Antonelli: these buildings designed by architects brought from Spain and wrought by the hands of imported artisans aided by ten thousand Indian slaves.

Here was no makeshift hamlet: no concession to the wilderness. The painted tiles of the ceilings, the engraved stone of the stairways, the chasing on cornice and pediment were derived from the Alhambra and are worthy of their descent.

The roof of the cathedral above the nave has fallen. Only scattered stones are left of that seventy-foot dome supported by sixteen columns faced with tortoiseshell and studded by bronze medallions. One can see the broken corners outlined by the refinement of stone moulding, upheld by caryatid figures. The crumbling pillars are a miracle of stone. The thousand Spanish noblemen who once worshiped here have yielded their place

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to a few Indians, who pile their burdens on the step and gather in the restored portion for their humble confessional. Shrubs grow out of the chapel walls, and where the high altar stood, draped in linen and glittering with silver, a goat grazes unrebuked. But it is still imposing, for the skeleton of beauty endures after the transient fabric of the flesh has dissolved.

Next door to the cathedral stands the convent (both monasteries and convents are conventos, and there are a dozen of them in Antigua), and fine shelter it was to those urbane Jesuit fathers, who demanded the elegancies of this life as well as assurance of the life to come. The ceilings in the bedrooms are of carved and painted wood; in a neglected cell are tossed a pile of white vellum-bound books, which were part of the library. Jardín and patio — each with its fountain — are still preserved.

There were half a hundred churches in Antigua in its prime. Before the New England pilgrims raised their first humble wooden meeting-house, the sacristy of San Francisco blazed with oil paintings, with statues inlaid with precious metal, with a figure of the Saviour in purple velvet embroidered with gold thread and furbished with gold lace.



MERCEDE CATHEDRAL AT ANTIGUA, GUATEMALA



RUINS OF SAN FRANCISCO CATHEDRAL AT ANTIGUA

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It was lighted with candles and heavy with incense and crowded with kneeling worshipers. We can trace the shape of this convent — a cross with two central halls. Only one is left of three great domes, and it holds the last bell of what was once a bronze congeries. The stone entrance gates are flanked with the Spanish coat of arms, and on the steps in the deserted courtyard sit Indian women with their babies in their arms.

One could spend a month at Antigua, exploring the churches and day-dreaming in the fern-hung patio of the quiet hotel. La Merced was only partially destroyed and has been entirely rebuilt, retaining its curious and lovely flat arches. In the cloister, chickens are feeding around the intricately wrought fountains, and the priests' cells are rented to secular lodgers. A loom — its blue framework criss-crossed by red threads — stands in one. A family — blessed with a sewing machine and a piano — lives in another. The large grounds of the college and monastery of La Recolectión are now a coffee plantation.

There were secular buildings as well as sacred in Antigua. While the work-ridden Dutch housewives on the Hudson were pickling pigs' feet, the señoras in Antigua, clad in velvet and lace, were

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flirting their fans at the grilled windows of that royal palace, whose central arch still bears the Castilian coat of arms, and whose salons are now occupied by various municipal offices. While the sons of the first families of Manhattan were tending the cows, the aristocratic youth of Guatemala were sauntering to the University, which, a bronze plaque informs us, was 'fundada en 1675 de aquí irradió la cultura.' Now from under the Moorish arches comes a drone of barefooted children at their lessons.

Yes, it was an astonishing phenomenon, this Spanish city built with lavish magnificence upon the high hills of Guatemala. Churchly festivals, political pomp, and the intrigue of society played their parts upon this stately stage. And the blue cone of El Fuego looked down upon the city as it looks down to-day, holding its secret in its breast. The pleasure-loving people in Antigua were a trifle uneasy about El Fuego. They even baptized the smiling volcano into the Christian faith, hoping thereby to ensure its permanent good behavior. El Fuego accepted the baptism blandly, and waited until the pomp of this alien civilization reached its zenith, and then, in 1773, it sent forth its temblores and its molten lava, its fire

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and its choking ashes, and destroyed the city of Spain.

Then it was that the way we traveled to-day was alive with running figures. Then it was that ten thousand men and women rushed out along the fire-lightened road. The ladies were in litters, the gentlemen on horseback, and the Indians carrying what burdens they could gather upon their heads, and trotting silently beside them. Thirty miles they traveled, over the mountains, down to Valle de la Ermita — and settled the present Guatemala City.

Although Antigua is four hundred years old, it is not the oldest Spanish city in Guatemala. Santiago was founded in 1527, and, half an hour's ride from Antigua, fragments of this original capital may still be traced. It was to Santiago that Alvarado brought his wife, the stormy and fascinating Beatriz de la Cueva. She came from Spain with servants and slaves and twenty ladies-in-waiting, and as the elaborate cavalcade climbed the rough roads, and looked out over the wild mountains, savage, indeed, that unfamiliar land must have seemed to their city-bred eyes. But Beatriz, passionately in love with her husband, whom the Mexican called 'Tonatiah,' or the sun, because of his

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bright hair, seems to have been content to live wherever he lived. When he was killed in 1541, after twenty-two years of a conquistador's life in Mexico and Central America, she made no pretense at resignation. She wept and raved; refused the consolation of the Church, and signed the official letters which the Cabildo now brought to her, 'La Sinventura Doña Beatriz,' or only, 'La Sinventura,' 'the Heart-Broken One.' Such unrestrained rebellion was condemned as sacrilege, and the terrible flood which shortly after burst forth from the side of the volcano of Agua was ascribed to her. The old records tell how an onslaught of raging water, uprooted trees, and swirling boulders poured down from the side of the volcano, overwhelming walls and cattle. Doña Beatriz and her twenty high-born ladies sought safety upon the roof of the governor's palace. The rising waters caught them all. Every one was drowned, and Beatriz was found floating, like Ophelia, her face white in its frame of streaming hair. For a while the people refused her body burial. But finally she was permitted to be buried beside the body of her husband, which was brought from Mexico. Still later, both bodies were removed to Antigua. This story of love and disaster, interwoven with that of Leonor, Alvarado's



PALACE OF THE CAPTAIN-GENERALS, ANTIGUA

ANTIGUA

half Indian daughter, who lived to marry a relative of Beatriz, holds all the color and elements of operatic tragedy.

If we climb up the quiet side of Agua to-day, we can see both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. And if our imaginations are vivid we can look through the present substance of the Indian pueblo built upon the site of the Ciudad Vieja — and the palace walls of Santiago will rise before us, and then, submerged by flood, will disappear. And we look at the Indians moving across the plaza of Antigua, a fowl or a pig in their arms, and see the plaza as it was four hundred years ago, a promenade for ladies in velvet and gallants in lace.

It is incredible that the American public, so addicted to travel and doting upon the antique, should not have discovered Antigua. And because it has not, the crumbling buildings dream unmolested in the cool and sunny mountain air. And unmolested, too, the silent Indians move up and down the narrow streets, water-jugs upon their heads. One feels that old churches, like old people, love quietness. And they love to be part of the simple routine of daily life. The Indian women nursing their babies upon the steps of the convent of San Francisco, the Indian children singing their lessons under the

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arches of the University, the Indian laborer working in that coffee finca which was once the ground of La Recolección — and always El Fuego, blue and smiling, a wreath of clouds above its head or across its breast — this is Antigua's long-accustomed setting. It seems the perfect one.

CHAPTER VI

SALVADOR

TINY Salvador — about the size of Vermont — is the only one of the Central American Republics without an Atlantic as well as a Pacific seaport, and the only one without a banana belt. And yet, although it is more land-girt than any of the others, our first impression of it is almost that of an island. For so well kept are its rolling plantations and so wide its smooth roads that they seem separated by unplumbed seas from the wilderness trails of Guatemala and from the straggling dirt streets of Nicaragua.

Salvador has always been proud of its progressiveness, its orderliness, and its freedom. Unlike Guatemala, its Indian element is almost negligible. Alvarado did a thorough job when he conquered the country four centuries ago. As he wrote to Cortez, on his approach to a certain village the natives, 'without any explanation, left the town and hid themselves and we could not find any one.' At another town they 'received me in peace and decamped an hour afterward.' In still another, the

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natives set upon the Indian vanguard carrying the baggage for the Spanish soldiers, seized the clothing, and tore it to pieces, 'each man carrying his trophy into battle.' Such recalcitrance on the part of the red man was irritating to the great conquistador. He sent messengers to the hills to tell the runaways — rather illogically, it seems to us — that if they did not come down immediately he would make slaves of them. 'And with all this they did not come,' he explains to Cortez. It is certainly very odd and very provoking that the stubborn savages could not be persuaded of the advantage of becoming vassals of his glorious majesty, the King of Spain. They kept on abandoning their towns and attacking the Spaniards from the hills as long as there were enough of them left to make a stand, and it was not until 1526 that Spain finally overcame the obstinate little country, and changed its name of Cuscatlán to Salvador, in honor of the final victory which occurred on the eve of the festival of San Salvador. Since then the chief reminder of the savages who once roamed these mountains is in the slightly darkened skin of the descendants of the conquerors.

The Spaniards who came to settle Salvador were of admirable stock. Estremadura, the home of

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'stout Cortez,' contributed substantiality: Andalucía contributed brilliancy. An energetic race was produced, who from that day to this have tilled their soil with pride and managed their affairs creditably. One senses these things directly on stepping ashore at La Libertad. The native houses are primitive enough: rounded mud ovens on the open-air verandas of thatch-roofed cottages; naked brown children under the papaya trees. But the macadam road which takes us up to the capital city is broad and smooth, winding between hedges of jasmine, camellias, and tuberoses.

We pass large public school buildings of concrete: well ventilated, with tiled floors and terraces. We pass a country club surrounded by meticulously clipped golf grounds. We pass prosperous coffee fincas, growing with abounding vigor on a soil enriched by decomposed lava. And as we continue our drive, up from the seacoast to the capital, there is presented to us a complete picture of that agricultural structure on which the prosperity of this tiny republic so solidly rests. For about twenty years ago, the communal lands were distributed to the small landowners. At the same time all laws providing means of collecting money loaned or advanced to laborers were repealed, and

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every legal basis of peonage wiped out. Thus was established a system of free labor — the foundation for any national prosperity. About seventy-five per cent of the coffee is raised on property held by small landowners of the poor and the lower middle classes, and eighty-five per cent of the national commerce is in their hands. So engrossed are these industrious and simple folk in their crops, on which their happiness and living depend, that they have no inclination for political agitation. It is a popular saying that, if one could gather together an army of revolutionists, it would disintegrate at the first change in the weather — for each man would rush home to care for his precious coffee. In their spare time these small farmers are employed by the large commercial fincas, and, as we motor up to the capital city, we pass groups of them working on roads. Their well-modeled heads and features — Hispanic in type — their slender bodies and small hands and feet give a very different touch to the landscape from the heavily built and stolid laborers of Guatemala.

While economists are always eager to emphasize the fact that Salvador is the only one of the Central American Republics which possesses a middle class, artists and writers are invariably captivated

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by the clean and contented peasant. Magazine articles, books, paintings, and snapshots all delight in delineating the smiling women, washing at the village pila, the gayly dressed men driving their produce to market in heavy ox-carts. These carts are one of the characteristic features of the country, for each one proclaims its vicinity by its construction. From the far side of the Lempa River come those with solid wheels; from the sugar-cane districts come those whose sides are of pressed cane. Bamboo-work distinguishes another region, and hides, bound with thongs, come from the cattle-raising districts.

Besides the thrifty middle class and the equally thrifty peasant, there is a third class in Salvador, which has not been so frequently described to the outside world — and that is the aristocracy.

Salvador has immense wealth, and much of it is in the hands of a few families. This moneyed class live in extreme luxury and style, in fashionable suburbs or on large country estates. Their thirty-room houses are splendid with the finest and most formal furnishings. They send — or more frequently take — their children to school in England, Switzerland, or France. And after the period of schooling is over, they make extensive trips abroad.

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The ladies have their clothes sent them regularly from Paris, by a modiste who keeps their measurements. The men swing London canes and sip Italian liqueurs. They are proud of their precise Castilian and of their finished manners, and the magnificence of their weddings would make a New York *débutante* blink. While their estates are scattered throughout the Republic, Salvador is small enough for them to form a homogeneous set who dance in their own homes to music brought by radio from Chicago, keep up smart country clubs with golf courses and tennis-courts, and who aid progressive programmes for public improvements of all sorts. The parks are well kept: the hospital well supported. Smallpox and yellow fever have disappeared, and the campaign to eliminate hookworm is well under way.

The sight-seer who has no *entrée* to a private house in Salvador can only imagine the gay and luxurious life behind the long lace-hung windows, where several generations live in feudal dignity attended by a bewildering profusion of servants.

It is not easy for the stranger to step across that barrier which the Spanish people have always maintained between the outer world and their homes. But he may form some idea of the ladies who ten-

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ant those homes by the limousines which glint past, revealing a proud, powdered face or a jeweled hand.

Although Salvador seems so firmly developed in its social fabric, it is the youngest of all the Republics, topographically speaking. For six of its volcanoes, reaching from four thousand to seven thousand feet, have appeared within historic time, which means that the little country is quite used to temblors. But the earthquakes and the volcanic eruptions, although frequent, have never harmed the country seriously. Volcanic ashes are fertile if their fall is not too heavy, and many a coffee finca ruined by an eruption one year has sprung into improved bearing the year following. Even the lava flow of 1917, which cost the country fifteen million dollars, was followed by an increased prosperity which more than compensated.

A conspicuous example of seismic disturbance may be seen at Lake Ilopango, one of the most popular vacation resorts. This clear lake, covering a plateau twenty-five miles square and sixteen hundred feet above sea level, is surrounded by high mountains. At one time the rivers which formed its outlet changed from sluggish streams to rapids and waterfalls. Then the lake began to sink so fast that the people feared it would disappear alto-

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gether. Explosions were followed by earthquakes. Gases began puffing up in the middle of the lake, and islands appeared in the midst of fiery lava and ashes. When the disturbance subsided, a rocky island stood piled a hundred and fifty feet high in the middle of the lake.

As for the volcano of Izalco, which is fondly called 'The Lighthouse' — for at night a ribbon of fire can be seen rippling down its side — its origin is also recent. It was only in 1770 that alarming subterranean noises accompanied by earthquake shocks warned the people to flee from the vicinity. After a few days a field split open and belched forth fire and smoke and lava. This was followed by sand and stones, which gradually built up the peak of Izalco which we see to-day and which is higher than Vesuvius.

The volcanoes of Hawaii are larger, those of South America are loftier, some in Italy and Java are more distinctive. But nowhere in the world is there such an unbroken line of volcanic peaks as the Cordilleras along the Pacific Coast of Central America.

The city of San Salvador, which at carnival time is the maddest of whirls, sparkles throughout the year with cafés, with smart shops, and with pen-



STREET SCENE, SAN SALVADOR

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sions whose half-opened doors reveal tiled dining-rooms opening into the green patios. The faces of the people passing in and out of the cathedral or strolling around the bandstand in the plaza are well modeled and a trifle darker than pure Spanish blood would make them. In the best hotels one may be sure of an excellent meal, well cooked and served, to the accompaniment of a marimba band. This instrument, characteristic of all Central America, resembles somewhat the xylophone, so dear to our own vaudeville stage. It consists of a frame seven or eight feet long, and two and a half feet high, upon which strips of certain hardwood are placed, and beneath which are suspended wooden resonators. Some of them have as many as six complete octaves and semitones. Three to six players, each with rubber-tipped sticks, strike the wooden strips, keeping excellent time. The instruments, when well played, produce a full and rich harmony not unlike a moving-picture organ — and when badly played suggest a steam calliope. The monotony of this resounding tone is due more to the limited repertory of the players than to the instrument itself. One cannot help thinking how effectively this peculiar quality could be applied to enriching the tone color of a larger ensemble. The

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latest theory about the marimba is that the negroes brought it from Africa. But whatever its origin, only in Mexico and Central America can it be heard at its best to-day. In spite of its unwieldiness and the publicity of its appeal, it is a favorite instrument for serenades, and any moonlight night reveals marimba performers escorted by a gallant wooer, proceeding toward some grilled window, where they will presently set up their instrument and assail the flattered señorita with a rhythmical boom that can be heard for half a mile.

The country districts of the little Republic are flourishing. Coffee, which is the chief export, was first introduced into Salvador by a Brazilian school teacher in 1840. He brought a tree from his native land and planted it in his yard. Now from the steamer one can see the green fincas patterned like the fields of England over the rolling hills. Good coffee commands a good price, and the export figures in 1925 were over thirty-two thousand tons. That balsam which is called Peruvian is another valuable product—between a hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and seventy-five thousand tons are exported annually—and it is Salvadorean indigo which the Mexicans use to dye their highly prized serapes. Cocoa, corn, and tobacco are indigenous;

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rice and sugar were introduced; and Salvador had the honor of supplying most of the rum consumed in California during the year of '49.

On the Gulf of Fonseca — held in common by Salvador, Nicaragua, and Honduras — there is a tortoiseshell industry which uses only one out of the two hundred species of turtle found there. It is the same turtle that is seen in the Mayan sculpture.

Any one who is interested in Salvador — or in any part of Central America, for that matter — should read Gage, the Dominican priest, who spent ten years here — more or less against his will — three hundred years ago. Thomas Gage, whose family were Roman Catholics, had been sent from England to Spain to be educated for the Jesuit priesthood. But even at that tender period he seems to have had an inconvenient habit of not wanting to do what was expected of him. He decided — in spite of an angry parent — to become a Dominican, and then decided to join an overseas mission bound for the Philippines. The more one reads of Gage, the more one feels that his choice of this particular mission field was largely influenced by the alluring descriptions he heard of its riches and gustatory delights. 'Paved with gold and silver, the stones to be of pearls, rubies and dia-

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monds, the trees to be hung with clusters of nutmegs bigger than the cluster of grapes of Canaan, the fields to be planted with sugar canes which should so sweeten the chocolate that it should far exceed the milk and honey of Paradise.'

However, when, two months later, the party had only reached Mexico — the halfway house to Manila — he decided he was as far away from the comforts of home as he cared to be. As it was not possible to remain in Mexico, he went to Guatemala, as a second choice, and a jolly time he had there, feasting and collecting fees and perquisites of all sorts. In fact his yearly income soon reached two thousand Spanish crowns, and he made even more when 'it pleased God to send one of the plagues of Egypt to that country, which was of locusts,' and everywhere there were processions and masses for the averting of the evil. The next year a contagious sickness fell upon the inhabitants and Gage buried ninety people in Mixco and a hundred in Pinola, getting two crowns a mass for every victim over eight years old. Later every Indian over twelve years old was forced into marriage and Gage received two crowns for every marriage.

In spite of his prosperity, after he had been in Guatemala about ten years, he thought he would

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like to go home. He explained that he was troubled by religious doubts. But since his superior was not inclined to take such inconvenient notions seriously, he refused him permission to leave. Thereupon Gage, converting four thousand of his pieces of eight into pearls and other precious stones, and packing the remaining four thousand in chests, sent them ahead to Nicaragua, and he himself made a very neat get-away, with the aid of a note left behind saying he was going north, when, in reality, he was heading due south with all possible speed. In spite of his adroitness, he was beset by delays and adventures. He passed through Salvador, Nicaragua, Panama, Porto Bello, Cartagena, Havana — and of all of these places he has left us the liveliest and most entertaining descriptions. It is he who tells us of the Lempa River. ‘The Lempa River is held the broadest and biggest in all the jurisdiction belonging to Guatemala: there are constantly two ferry boats to pass over the travelers and their Reguas of Mules. This river is privileged in this manner, that if a man commit any heinous crime or murder on this side of Guatemala and San Salvador, or on the other side of San Miguel or Nicaragua, if he can flee to get over this River he is free as long as he liveth on the other

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side, and no Justice on that side whither he is escaped can question or trouble him for the murder committed. So likewise for debts he cannot be arrested.'

Finally Gage got back to England. He had been absent from the land of his birth for twenty-four years and spoke the language with difficulty. He got rid of his priests' clothes speedily, collected his waiting inheritance, and, if he talked as amusingly as he wrote, he must have been a popular dinner guest for the rest of his life — which we cannot help feeling was the summit of his ambition.

Tranquil as little Salvador is, she has had her periods of storm. Her history began in 1524, when Cortez conquered Mexico and sent Alvarado to subdue Salvador. He wrote Cortez: 'That I might bring them [the Indians] to the service of His Majesty, I determined to burn the lords, and I burned them and commanded their city to be burned and razed to its foundations.'

After three centuries of Spanish rule, Salvador declared herself independent of Spain, and from 1823 to 1839 she was a member of the Central American Federation. In 1841, she formally withdrew, declared herself an independent republic, and promulgated a constitution. This was followed by

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forty years of friction with her neighbors. However, with her sending representatives to the Central American Court of Arbitration in 1908, and joining the League of Nations of 1919, she may be fairly said to have come into political maturity and to be in possession of a constructive domestic and foreign policy. Like Costa Rica, she now maintains a steady equilibrium in spite of being surrounded by unsettled neighbors.

CHAPTER VII

NICARAGUA

THE steamer comes slowly into the harbor of Corinto, a harbor so staunchly protected by curving rocky coast and so softened by the verdure of its low shore that one cannot help feeling that Nature had, in fashioning it, a special affection and design. She has even placed, at a properly effective distance, the bluest of volcanoes, Momotombo, whose perfect peak is a landmark by day and whose wreath of rosy smoke is a signal by night.

In this harbor are anchored an American cruiser, several European liners, and a dugout canoe. The shore of the town, which is in reality an island, is outlined by the mellow curves of the tile-roofed native houses, and the stark utilitarian buildings which house the American marines and their supplies. For seventy-five years — ever since the untheatrical William Walker theatrically decided to become President of Nicaragua and the grim old Cornelius Vanderbilt decided to the contrary — Nicaragua has been a stage of contrast. Of course, the first contrast was struck four centuries ago

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when the white-skinned Spanish explorers, armored and bearded, appeared in the midst of the red-skinned, naked Indians. This contrast, however, was mitigated as soon as possible, for the Spaniards, instead of driving out the natives, enslaved them and intermarried with them, with the subsequent result that now there are only about two per cent of pure whites and two per cent of pure Indians in the country. Nine per cent negro and seven and one half per cent mixed complete statistics which should not serve as a model of accuracy.

It is a seven hours' trip by rail to Managua, the capital. A hydroplane can do it in less than an hour, and it is an increasingly familiar sight to see one of these gray amphibians churn for a take-off against the shallow water, slide along the surface, rise swiftly, circle a moment, and then head off for the interior. Contrast — contrast everywhere. Shops selling roughly carved gourds (Nicaragua's only native handicraft) and shops selling the latest Victrolas: oxen pulling their solid-wheeled carts laden with hides down a road which is merely two muddy ruts in the grass, and a train, laden with imported wines, silk stockings, and perfumed soap, starting on its journey upland and inland.

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Contrast — contrast. Inside the pleasant hotel — perhaps the only hotel in the world made of solid mahogany — men with dark skins and in white suits are now conversing with men with white skins and in dark suits. They are discussing politics: they are discussing the possibility of a Nicaraguan Canal.

If one stays longer in the country and visits various centers, the same scene will be repeated many times: the continual discussion of politics, the continual discussion of the Nicaraguan Canal. For do not think that the completion of the Panama Canal put an end to a project which has agitated Nicaragua ever since Davila discovered Lake Nicaragua in 1522 and took possession of it for Spain. The Panama Canal is an accomplished fact, and its enthusiasts assure us that it has sufficient capacity to take care of all demands until 1960. But however that may be, the United States has paid Nicaragua three million dollars in gold for a perpetual option on the route of the Nicaraguan Canal and a right to fortify it.

Glance at the map of Nicaragua. See that immense lake of the same name, the largest body of inland water on our continent between the Great Lakes and Lake Titicaca. It is ninety-two miles

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long and thirty-four miles wide, connected with the Atlantic Ocean by the San Juan River and separated from the Pacific by only eighteen miles of land. By cutting through these eighteen miles, which fortunately occur at the lowest point in that mountainous backbone which runs from Alaska to the Straits of Magellan, a course could be laid which would save several days over the present route through the Panama Canal. Will such a canal be built? Is it needed with the Panama Canal working so admirably and by no means to its full capacity? If the Nicaraguan Canal is such a good thing, why did we not choose it originally instead of the Panama? And if not then, why now? Lindley Miller Keasbey presents thoroughly and clearly in his book, 'The Nicaraguan Canal and the Monroe Doctrine,' a detailed account of all the important plans which have been offered, of all the maps which have been drawn, of all the arguments which have been advanced for this tremendous project. Those who are not inclined to delve so deeply into the subject may be briefly reminded that, although Keasbey's book was written in 1896, the force of the arguments he presents still holds. For in spite of all its military defenses, it is possible to conceive of the Panama Canal being put out of

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commission by one well-dropped enemy bomb. The disastrous results of a stoppage of our present water communications between our east and west coasts, especially in time of war, can hardly be overestimated. And, in both, time of war and time of peace, the adage of two strings to one's bow is still sound enough. The reason that the trans-Isthmian canal was not built across Nicaragua in the first place is embedded in a welter of political, economic, and seismological argument: perhaps the most comprehensible factor being that the French had already started operations in the Panama zone, and we took over their machinery at the same time that we took advantage of the work they had already accomplished.

Nicaragua has never recovered from her disappointment at our decision. But she still hopes and still agitates for a resumption of the discussion; and the United States still turns over the feasibility of the plan and lets the three million option stand as security.

And when — or if — such a new canal is put through, then what a trip it will be for tourists! Nicaragua, which has not yet learned the first step in the technique of exploiting tourists — for a Nicaraguan will not take a tip — will be unfurled

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like a new flag in the traveler's heaven. At present transportation facilities are limited. Although it is only a hundred miles from the Pacific Coast to the Atlantic, it takes as long to traverse the distance as to get to New York from San Francisco. For, if one excepts the small private tracks on the banana plantations, there is only one railroad in the whole Republic — that which runs from Corinto up to the capital. Only a few rusty tracks mark the one once projected to the Atlantic. And there is comparatively little of artistic or historic interest to tempt the traveler who must come and go on schedule, and who demands a shower bath and clean bed linen.

But with the opening of the canal, '*nous avons changé tout cela.*' Then we will turn in from the Atlantic Ocean and sail up the San Juan River as Morgan and his buccaneers sailed before us when they sacked Granada; as Lord Nelson sailed when he nearly met his death and did lose an eye at Castile; and as the river steamer Victoria, built in Wilmington, Delaware, sailed in 1887. The bar across the river silted up after that, and the poor Victoria was never able to get out, and so she still serves as a transport on that very lake over which Nicarao, the Indian chief, was once lord. Nicarao

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was a hospitable king, and when the first white man to penetrate the country, Gil Gonzales Davila, drove his horse into the water and discovered it was fresh, Nicaraο graciously gave the stranger a kingly present of cacao beans. Gil Gonzales carried the beans back to the Continent, where they were sampled with delight. Thereupon, with that simple logic that marks all the dealings of the white man with the unenlightened savage, the Europeans came over to Nicaragua and promptly enslaved the Indians who had presented the beans to Gil Gonzales, and set them to work on cacao plantations, and chocolate is still a favorite Continental breakfast.

Various bits of history will come back to us as we settle down for the hundred-and-eighty-seven-mile sail — which will be the length of the canal if it is cut via Brito. As we leave the river and come out upon the surface of that great inland body of water, we will recall an almost forgotten enterprise of the shrewd old Commodore Vanderbilt. Vanderbilt always reckoned business in terms of water transportation, and when the first mad rush for gold in California broke out in '49, he promptly organized a transit service which brought prospectors up the San Juan River, across Lake Nicaragua, and dumped them on the shore. Here they piled into



THE TWIN PEAKS OF THE VOLCANO OF OMOTEPE ON LAKE NICARAGUA

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twenty-five stage-coaches, painted blue and white, the Nicaraguan colors, and traversed the remaining eighteen miles to the Pacific along a road which is still usable to-day in dry weather. Vanderbilt seems far-sighted. But Pedrarias, more than two hundred years before, projected a trans-continental route between Lake Nicaragua and the present Greytown, and afterward one between León and the North Coast by way of Salvador.

As we sail across Lake Nicaragua, we will be frequently out of sight of shore, but two islands will break what appears to be the surface of a sea: Omotepe, with its twin volcanoes, one active, and Zapatería, so rich in Aztec ruins that the very corner posts on the streets are big stone idols of immemorial antiquity.

The cutting through of the canal would make accessible the interior of the largest of all the Central American Republics — a country about the size of the State of New York, with a population of less than seven hundred thousand. Even the most cursory transient could visit Granada, León, and Managua, and visiting these could see a majority of all the inhabitants, for the Nicaraguans have always been city dwellers.

León, which popular legend declares was founded

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by de Soto, but which the most recent and scholarly historians ascribe to Hernandes de Córdova, has always been the headquarters of the Liberal Party as Granada has been of the Conservative. The story of their battling for ascendancy reads like a tale of rival towns in mediæval Italy. In 1852, the dispute was settled by making Managua — then a sleepy agricultural settlement halfway between the two — the seat of government.

Gage writes of it in 1626: 'This city of León is very curiously built, for the chief delight of the inhabitants consists in their houses, and in the pleasure of the country adjoining, and in the abundance of all things for the life of man, more than in extraordinary riches, which are not so much enjoyed as in other parts of America. They are content with fine gardens, with variety of singing birds, and parrots, with plenty of fish and flesh, which is cheap, and with gay houses, and to live a delicious, lazy, and ideal life, not aspiring much to trade and traffique.'

León was the center of official life and religious and secular learning. Here Pedrarias the Cruel died, as he was nearing his ninetieth year, and here the college of San Ramón was founded in 1675. The façade of the church of La Recolectión is the

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finest architectural fragment in the city, and the cathedral, recently badly damaged by earthquake, which covers a block and is about two centuries old, is the best in Nicaragua. It is reputed to possess a set of priceless emeralds which may be seen only by permission of the Bishop, and which the Virgin is supposed to wear upon certain occasions.

The emeralds are slightly nebulous, but the tomb of Rubén Darío in the cathedral, and also the record of his birth, are substantial enough. Darío, who was a wizard with complicated meters and worked out a perfect mathematical basis of poetics, is probably the most highly admired figure in modern Central American literature. It was he who described Paris as 'The Center of Neurosis,' and voiced the Latin-American attitude toward our Northern strenuousness in his ode to Roosevelt:

'You believe life is conflagration;
That progress is an eruption;
That wherever you send the bullet,
You implant the future.'

Vargas Vila thus describes the young man who was a weigher in the customs house in Chile, who lived in Paris, on the Island of Majorca and in South America, but who was born and chose to die and to

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be buried in Nicaragua: 'He never matured. He never became what we call a man in the dolorous brutal sense of the word. He might have lived for centuries and would have died the same sad, radiant child we all knew. . . . He was still young, well built, with a genius's glance and sad air. It seems that all the races of the world had placed their seal upon that countenance, which was like a shore which had received the kisses of all the waves of the ocean. It might have been said that he had the countenance of his poetry — Oriental and Occidental, African and Japanese, with a perpetual vision of Hellenic shores in his dreamy pupils. And he appeared, as always, sculptured out of silence: he was his own shadow.'

Rubén Darío has long been appreciated in Europe for the technical perfection of his verse and for his precocious youth, torn by pangs of love and religion. Few people from the United States ever hear his name until they chance upon it on his tomb in León. And perhaps nowhere in Central America is there a more appropriate spot to recall his melancholy exclamation: 'Christopher Columbus, poor Admiral, pray to God for the world that you discovered.'

It is suitable that the best in architecture in

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Nicaragua should be found in the church buildings, for the Church — the Roman Catholic — is the most progressive factor in a Republic which has never been distinguished for progress. The best schools, both of secondary and higher grades, are run by the Jesuits, and culminate in the Jesuit College of Central America on the outskirts of Granada. The Capuchin monks are chiefly German and Belgian: the Silesian, chiefly Italian and German. These latter run an industrial school in Granada where poor boys are taught the trades. The Sisters of San Vincente — Mexicans — support schools for homeless girls both in Granada and Matagalpa. Perhaps the most astonishing recent development is that by the Christian Brothers of the Pedagogical Institute of Nicaragua at Managua. These enterprising priests are actually introducing athletics under American marine instructors.

In Granada we see to-day only a few remnants of the old Spanish city of the same name which Walker destroyed in 1885, and which his first lieutenant, who evidently considered himself a humorist, marked with a cross, 'Here stood Granada.' The wall of a Spanish fort on an island outside the city and certain battered church spires

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at Rivas bear testimony to the warfare and siege carried on by this American, whose name is almost forgotten by his own countrymen, but is still used as a bogey to frighten the naughty children of Honduras.

William Walker was a soft-spoken, courteous little blond from Tennessee, in whom idealism and personal ambition seem to have rather disastrously mingled. He had practiced law, medicine, journalism, studied for the ministry, and organized and led an expedition — which was unsuccessful — against the Mexican State of Sonora. And he was four days short of thirty when he set sail from San Francisco on May 4, 1855, on the brig *Vestris* with fifty-eight companions bound for Nicaragua. A small, quiet man of the most abstemious and fastidious personal habits, physically distinguished only by his luminous gray eyes, William Walker became one of the most famous filibusters in American history — a filibuster being an individual who believes in doing his bit, independently and aggressively, to expand his country's boundaries. In the days of Walker, filibustering was the natural — perhaps the inevitable — expression of the American spirit. The man who directed his energies toward conquering the American wilder-

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ness was called a pioneer: the one who directed them toward conquering another nation, whose sovereignty was recognized by his own, was a filibuster. The distinction between a filibuster and a patriot becomes more elusive as each new generation interprets history. From the point of view of the aborigines, the Pilgrims and Puritans were filibusters. The United States acquired West Florida and Texas mainly by filibustering. Perhaps the best definition we can make is to say that if a filibuster succeeded in his attempt to conquer and acquire alien territory, he was a patriot. If he failed, he was an outlaw. Walker, whose story is clearly told in his own autobiography, and fancifully set forth in Richard Harding Davis's 'Soldiers of Fortune,' and in the more recent 'Manifest Destiny,' by A. D. H. Smith, had a contract with the Liberalists in Nicaragua to aid them against the Legitimatists. At first he was successful. He seized the port of San Juan del Sur and from there struck at Granada, the Legitimatists' capital. In the next twenty-one months his forces, in addition to Nicaraguan troops, were augmented by not less than a thousand adventurers who came flocking from San Francisco, New York, and Texas.

Walker was apparently able to handle the diplo-

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matic and military situation in Nicaragua, but he unfortunately came into conflict with Cornelius Vanderbilt, who was making elaborate plans to perfect his trans-continental route across the country and the Lake of Nicaragua. Walker persuaded the Nicaraguan Government to rescind the Transit Company's charter, on the ground that it had failed to render an accounting of its debts to the Government, and he advised granting a new charter to another company. Tough old Cornelius Vanderbilt was a dangerous man to defy. Although Walker was actually elected President of Nicaragua in 1857, Vanderbilt brought about his downfall and he was forced to surrender himself and his men to Commander Davis of the United States Steamship *Mary*. But the plucky little Tennessean, whom his friends at home remembered as almost girlish in his gentle ways, was not beaten yet. He mustered a second expedition in the fall of 1857. For the second time he was defeated, and gave himself up to a British naval officer. This gentleman added nothing to his honor by turning Walker over to certain Central American authorities in Honduras, and they added nothing to theirs by executing him in 1860. It is an astonishing story, made all the more so by Walker's personal characteristics of

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extreme bravery combined with his fragile appearance and intellectual tastes. A Southerner, he firmly believed in slavery, and looked upon the conquest of Nicaragua as an extension of slave territory, and in his autobiography he sets forth his reasons for his belief. An idealist, and an adventurer, of mildest manners and astonishing courage, William Walker is a unique figure in the history of the last century. It is odd that so many Americans hear of him for the first time when they visit León.

Contrast — contrast everywhere. The Rockefeller Institute chlorinates the water and fights hookworm, and the natives continue contentedly to eat tuberculous pork. Down on the coast the immense banana plantations, tended by negroes imported from Jamaica, put forth a growth sometimes as rapid as two feet in eight hours, and yet the stranger asks in vain for a banana at the hotel! Bankers and agriculturalists from the United States and France and England keep discovering new possibilities for expansion in the country and groaning loudly because the country is so worthless. And as a crowning paradox several thousand American marines are permanently located under the flag of a foreign power with which we are not at war, or ever have been, or ever expect to be.

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While the reason for our armed presence in Nicaragua is peculiar, there is no reason why even the least politically minded man or woman should not understand it in substance. The Monroe Doctrine prevents any European power from obtaining a political foothold in either North or South America. Our Isthmian policy is an inevitable corollary. It is obvious that, if we will not permit any of the European powers to protect their customary rights within this zone, we must make ourselves responsible for this protection. To a certain extent we assume the attitude of seeing that Nicaragua fulfills her obligation as an independent nation to the outside world. Those American citizens who so easily criticize our intervention in this confused little Republic would do well to read a small book written by Henry L. Stimson, former Secretary of War, and Secretary of State in President Hoover's Cabinet, who was sent out in March, 1927, on the suggestion of the State Department and at the request of President Coolidge, to investigate the situation in Nicaragua. He stayed there five months. The Honorable Henry L. Stimson reminds us:

‘Seventeen years ago, when our State Department attempted to help Nicaragua after her revolu-

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tion of 1909 and 1910 . . . she was in an even worse condition than now. I found then that the State Department, in order to help Nicaragua to get her money on the most favorable terms and to keep her out of the hands of less scrupulous bankers, had persuaded two of the foremost banking firms of America to undertake the rehabilitation of her finances. Although the result of their work has been highly successful; although the depreciated currency was brought to par; although the war claims were cut down from over thirteen million to less than two million; although the principal of her foreign debts was largely paid off, and the interest rate thereon reduced to five per cent, and a surplus produced which enabled the Nicaraguan Government to buy from the foreign stockholders the country's railroad, yet the criticism and outcry excited among politicians were such that after a few years one of these banking firms withdrew from all further participation in Nicaraguan affairs and respectable bankers now hesitate to lend their assistance.'

Free speech is cherished as one of the glories of our great Republic. The automobile salesman discourses without embarrassment on architectural problems. Almost any shoe clerk can suggest, off-

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hand, the best way to salvage a submarine. And many a man, who has never been to Nicaragua or even read a single thoughtful book on her problems, is loud in his denunciation of our policy there. Probably he does not even know that the United States has more than once proved, concretely, that she has no appetite for Central American territory. In 1822, when Iturbide was trying forcibly to annex the five Central American Republics to Mexico, the Congress of Salvador passed a formal resolution for annexation to the United States and sent a commissioner to Washington to urge favorable action. During the past fifty years Guatemala, Costa Rica, and Honduras have sought to cede or sell to us coaling stations, naval bases, or wireless stations on their coasts or islands — all of which offers we have refused. This critic of his Government probably does not know that the last civil war in Nicaragua — that of 1927 — and the bloodiest one in her history, was stopped by American intervention, for the protection of American lives and property. Upon landing, the American forces established neutral zones — where all combatants were denied entry with armed forces — around important centers. So successful was this arrangement, and so conciliatory was the attitude of the

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United States toward all contestants, that it resulted in both political parties inviting and urging the United States to supervise the coming election. This task was accomplished by General Frank McCoy, the personal representative of the President of the United States, with an electoral staff of army and marine officers, and with about five thousand marines. The election of 1928 was of tremendous significance in Nicaraguan history, as being not only orderly, but as representing the will of the people. Furthermore, the United States Government recruited, organized, and trained a non-partisan guardia nacional, which will, eventually, be the sole military and police force of the country. It is composed already of about fifteen hundred Nicaraguans, and has taken over, in an efficient and courageous manner, the policing of the principal cities and several of the provinces.

The only people who have objected to our actions, as outlined above, have been, in Nicaragua, a handful of revolutionists — belonging to neither party — and in the United States a group of anti-imperialists and uninformed laymen.

In spite of all this — ever since the days of Walker — this nation, with its heterogeneous population of red and black and white against its

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monotony of green hills — this disturbed republic which has had fifteen presidents in six years, is perpetually and curiously tantalizing to Americans. Journalists, political economists, bankers, importers, and adventurers of all sorts continue to try their luck here. These foreigners gather in small colonies in Managua, León, and Corinto; they settle on plantations around Matagalpa and Puerto Cabeza; and they scold and complain about a country which is full of gold, but where it is unprofitable to mine for it; against a country with cattle on a thousand hills and no milk that is fit for human consumption; against a political system which appears to be nothing but a series of revolutions. And every year more of them come to settle there!

For Nicaragua is not without her lovers. Her clear lakes whose depths have never been plumbed, the ravishing shift of colors across her hills, the surf upon her rugged shores, the rainbow in the vast vault of her heavens — these things refuse to be sullied by a mere miscalculation in public funds or a mere reversal of political power. Salomón de la Selva, the Nicaraguan poet, wrote a poem called ‘Body and Soul’:

‘Beside León Subtiava sprawls. It has
No other colors but the green of trees,

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The grey of huts, the zinc of dusty grass.
The Spanish city and the Indian lie,
Unmindful of the tread of centuries,
Unchangeable beneath the changeless sky.'

Every year a few more visitors stray into this baffling segment of the world. Their sense of logic is violated and their sense of color drowned. The smoke from Momotombo is rosy in the dusk: the rainbow is brilliant morning and evening. Our departing steamer is piled with a bright and vociferous cargo of parrots and macaws. These feathered and unintelligible emissaries have been gathered from the forests of Nicaragua to be sold in the United States. They remind us of an old custom of pre-Spanish days, when the Indians used to teach the parrots to speak and then sacrifice them to the gods, hoping the latter would mistake them for human beings and be satisfied.

The large Panama Mail steamers do not stop at Costa Rica, for Costa Ricans can conveniently take their pick of ocean liners at Panama. This small and happy Republic, with its fertile soil and homogeneous white population, has always been proud of its difference from other Central American countries. Situated on a small central plateau, it

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has been free from the problems of an aboriginal civilization and also from difficulties with its neighbors. Its political and economic life is stable, progressive, and efficiently governed. Here are some of the most prosperous coffee fincas in the world, and when their owners leave the pleasant verandaed houses in the country, whose life Arthur Ruhl describes so well in his recent book, 'Central Americans,' they can find all the gayety they want in the smart capital city of San José. They are more likely, however, to spend their play-time in Paris or Vienna or Madrid, for coffee not only gives generous financial returns, for those who raise it scientifically as the Costa Ricans do, but it permits of long vacations. A group of well-dressed, well-mannered men and women from this tiny country makes an agreeable addition to almost every great steamer passing through the Canal.

CHAPTER VIII

TWO CITIES OF PANAMA

CORINTO's tattered beach, the gorgeous foliage and savage silhouettes of Nicaragua's volcanoes — a tranquil ocean seeps between these and our sight. A world of space — and of differences more severing than space — separates us from this largest of the Central American Republics.

If during Northern winter evenings, we pine again for the flavor of this languorous alien land, we can do no better than to open O. Henry's 'Cabbages and Kings.' Then, truly, we shall find ourselves back again on Corinto's beach.

For days we anticipate our arrival at Balboa, the city at the entrance of the Panama Canal. And when we actually find ourselves there, we blink in astonishment. The modern wharves, customs house, and drydocks; the solidly built administration buildings, the clipped green lawns, the boulevards shaded with evenly planted palms, the rows upon rows of neatly screened and painted houses — these phenomena appear simply incredible to our eyes, accustomed now for weeks to straggling dirt streets and tumbling adobe huts. There is no grace

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in this first glimpse of the Canal Zone any more than in an orderly sanitized hospital ward. Dwellings, commissary restaurants, shops, hospitals, clubs — all are standardized and obviously utilitarian in design and structure, and range themselves in rigid uniformity along streets of undeviating straightness. This is our first impression of that strip of leased territory of four hundred and thirty-six square miles, which runs across the Isthmus, passing through the two provinces of Panama and Colón. We shall return to Balboa and Ancón when we start our trip through the Canal. We shall drive up and down the swept and scoured Prado and look out at the Canal at night from Quarry Heights and peer at the honeycombed chambers of Fort Amador. But let us pass directly through the Zone for the present, with its regulations and prohibitions, and plunge into the colorful jumble of Panama City, capital of a Republic which is almost unknown to the world, except for its connection with the Canal, although it is potentially one of the richest countries in all Latin America. The average traveler makes a snap judgment of the Republic of Panama by a few hours in the city of Panama on the Pacific side and Colón on the Atlantic. This is as reasonable as it would be to judge the United

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States by a tour through New York City and Brooklyn. But even if time prevents our journeying into the interior of a country whose eight different provinces present a variety of topography, custom, and racial mixture, yet we may at least pause for a moment to grasp the fact that, quite apart from the Canal, this youngest of all the American Republics is a definite and stable entity in the family of nations; that it is four times the size of Belgium; that it has one hundred and eighty rivers flowing into the Atlantic and three hundred into the Pacific; that it possesses mineral wealth, a long history, and a total population approximating half a million.

Panama City itself, while of liveliest interest to the traveler, is too thoroughly cosmopolitan to be called Panamanian. For over four hundred years it has been a thoroughfare for all nations. Inca chiefs and Spanish conquistadores, English buccaneers, French corsairs, the forty-niners, and finally the American engineers have pressed close upon each other's heels along the old Gold Road. And to-day that congestion and conglomeration is heightened a thousandfold, for ships from every port pass through the Canal, and all pause, for a few hours or a few days, and passengers and sailors

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alike pour out into the narrow streets. They flood the cabarets and hotels and surge through churches and bazaars. Although the intimate relation of Panama City to the Canal Zone has necessitated certain sanitary and political regulations, nevertheless, the old Spanish city still remains. It maintains its right to find pleasure in its own way, and opens its cantinas as freely as ever, although directly across the street from the most convivial of them it may be Zone territory, and therefore dry as a bone. Thus, Hotel Tivoli, being in Ancón, may not serve a drink, but the Century Club, next door, being in Panama, is aptly called 'The Tivoli Bar.' While the Canal Zone is a marvel from an engineering and prophylactic point of view, there is no doubt that picturesqueness begins only after we have left it. For the streets of Panama City, shaded by closely overhanging balconies, remind one of Manila. Baskets of ferns hang from them, roses and flowering hibiscus climb up along their railings, and vines make a partial screen for the intimate household life that is naïvely enacted upon their shallow stage. And under their shadows pass unceasingly Indian and Hindu, Chinaman and Syrian; Negro, Arab, Dane, and Egyptian, and subsequent mixtures which dizzy the eugenist.

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Diversity expresses itself in conveyance as well as countenance. Here are motor buses driven by bearded and turbaned Hindus; tottering old carriages, their sagging seats furbished with clean white covers, and the jolt of their precarious-looking wheels ameliorated by rubber tires. Here, floating down the torpid avenue like a cool cloud, is a white limousine, its chauffeur in white uniform and its sole occupant a gentleman in snowy linen. This heterogeneous fleet has only one thing in common, and that is that they all drive on the left, as in England. Why this peculiarity should exist, or why it ever came into existence, is one of the mysteries of Panama.

Whether you decide to entrust yourself to a creaking carriage and slat-ribbed horse or to a modern touring car, you will probably be taken over much the same territory, for your introductory survey of the city. You will be taken down the Avenida Central, where so many foreign shops and modernities have established themselves that a law has been passed — as it was in the early days of California — that all signs in English must also be given in Spanish, lest the mother tongue be completely lost. Here, as on the side streets, the Hindu displays his brasses, the Chinaman his jades and

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porcelains, and the American the latest phonograph records. The Panama hats which sprout in every window are, as every one knows, not made in Panama at all, but in Peru, Ecuador, and Colombia, the genuine article from Ecuador being distinguished by the circular weave in the center of the crown. The others start with a squarish weave. You will pass many small plazas, each bearing its bandstand or its statue, its benches with half-dozing occupants, its kiosk selling lottery and bull-fight tickets, postcards, cigarettes, and sweets. It takes more than a casual drive to become acquainted with these numerous plazas, each with its local individuality and habitués. But every one is familiar with Plaza Central, where Panama declared her independence from Spain in 1821, for this is the favorite promenade for pedestrians and carriages and the accepted center of all celebrations. Here the band plays on certain evenings, and on Sunday morning at ten o'clock the lottery numbers are drawn. Here, too, is the cathedral with its towers studded with mother-of-pearl, and opposite it the old Central Hotel, famous in the days of '49, the Municipal Palace and other administrative and public buildings, the Bishop's Residence, and the American Foreign Bank.

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As we pass many plazas, so we also pass many churches. Most of them seem old, which is due not only to actual years, but to a climate which gently softens all harsh surfaces, to fires which have roared down the wooden-lined streets, and to an occasional earthquake. Many have interesting features, but there are probably only two which the visitor whose time is limited will stop to see. Santo Domingo is a ruin, but its famous flat arch is intact. This arch, built without a keystone, has withstood every storm and earthquake since the old church itself was burned in 1756, and offers to our engineers its testimony of a construction impervious to earth tremors. To our eyes, accustomed to the keystone arch, this one at Santo Domingo makes a curious line against the sky and against what is left of the shattered church. It is not the only one in Panama, nor even in the church, but it is the most spectacular. Built of materials salvaged from Old Panama — brick, tile, cut stone and stubble, cemented together by a tenacious mortar, probably a mixture of lime and blood or grease — it is practically indestructible.

The other church which all strangers are taken to see is San José. The exterior is unimposing, but within gleams the golden altar which is one of the

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city's greatest treasures. Made from the church's tithe of gold from the mines of Panama and Peru, this altar of beaten gold was, according to the story, hastily painted white to disguise its material from Morgan. Originally it stood in the richest church of Old Panama, which was at the time the richest city in the New World. By the quick-witted ruse of the white paint, it escaped the pirate's detection. After Morgan had departed, it was brought to its present location in San José and cleaned by the padres. It is to be regretted that the wooden portions of the altar have been covered with gold leaf, and that so much gilt has been introduced into the church that the convincingness and the pure beauty of the altar are lessened.

And now, by whatever route our driver takes us, we shall pass well-kept modern buildings and shabby old ones; dark little shops where families live as well as bargain for their lives; tenements reached by alleys, strung with multicolored washing, dwellings turning blank façades to the street and enjoying their intimate lives about the enclosed and fern-planted patios. Negroes with Chinese eyes and Indians with Syrian noses, carrying bundles on their heads, thread an unconcerned way among the naked babies who swarm in the

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streets. Everywhere is color and motion, especially in the public market and round the little stalls outside, and the landing-place where the dugouts are unloading their bananas and fowls. In this region we will catch glimpses of cobbled crooked-backed streets whose sidewalks are flights of steps, and surely your driver will pull up to show you, with a proud gesture, the President's Palace, where white egrets pose perpetually around the fountain in the courtyard and parade among the pearl-shell columns.

Your driver may take you this way and that, but ultimately you will emerge at the Plaza Francia, where columned white walls and sweeping stairways make a background for the busts of famous Frenchmen who have written their names into the history of Panama, and for that single shaft which bears the Gallic chanticleer high against the sky. Most strangers find this plaza the most beautiful spot in Panama City. Within the circular arcade are ten stone tablets telling the history of the inception and construction of the Canal, beginning with Alvarado de Saavedra, who formulated the first plans for Charles V, and ending with de Lesseps, whose tragic story is part of the next chapter. The old Chiriquí Prison, built with that charm of

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exterior proportion which so often distinguishes these most sorrowful buildings, is a part of Plaza Francia, and of the Bóvedas, as the sea-wall is called. The heavy grated doors still open directly onto the sidewalk, and we can look into the cells where the salt water once seeped through the walls, and discern in one a rusted ball and chain, and in another an improvised schoolroom, and in still another nothing less than the ubiquitous automobile. To-day there is no capital punishment in Panama, and offenders are sent either to the new jail on the Chorillos Road, or to the model penal colony on Coiba Island.

Lovely as Plaza Francia is, with the long white wall of the prison on one side, the blue ocean on the other, and the white arcade set off by tropical plants in front, it is the walk along the sea-wall — above the plaza — which is the most stirring.

Dazzling white, either in sunlight or moonlight, this wide esplanade — a rampart of solid masonry — curves above the city and the sea. The Bóvedas was the most important feature of the city's defense in the old days, but now only peaceful folk stroll by, pausing to gaze out across the waterfront and Ancón Hill; to see the sunlight glint upon the pearly towers of the cathedral, and the outlines

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of the fortified Islands of Naos, Flamenco, and Culebra floating against the horizon, more like fairy castles than the solid structures of man.

The Museum opens its inconspicuous door on this high level, stocked with clay pots, decorated with the symbolic frog. There are ornaments of precious metal from Chiriquí, grotesque figures of soft pure gold from Veragua. There are breast ornaments and mortuary jars; priests' garments with paper head-dresses; old cannons, old frescoes, remnants of the military and the ecclesiastical, such as rub elbows in all such museums.

The terrace of the Union Club juts out into the water as the terminus of the sea-wall, and leaving it on our right we go down the stairway and find ourselves at the other end of Plaza Francia.

Half a dozen miles out from Panama City stands all that is left of Old Panama, that 'Goode and Staytle city,' through which once passed a continual procession of gold and silver and pearls sent by the colonies as tribute to the Spanish Crown. Through it, also, poured a rich flood of Oriental and American goods, and upon it, ultimately, fell the covetousness of the pirates.

Old Panama — which means 'the place of fish' — was originally a fishing village. On account of

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its location in the narrowest part of the Isthmus and its equable climate, Pedrarias, Governor of Castilla del Oro, chose it for his capital city. It was officially founded by Gaspar de Espinosa in August, 1519, and its subsequent history is one of the most spectacular of all the cities on this continent.

As we drive through the sparsely settled miles from Panama City, there is little to suggest that man has lived and fought in this region for nearly four centuries. It is a peaceful, rolling country, unscarred by any trace of strife. We pass the Exposition Grounds, the fine building now devoted to legations and various government uses, and the large new Panamanian Hospital of Santo Tomás, suburbs of commonplace frame houses perched on stilt-like wooden foundations, a race-track for whippets and one for horses, a bull-ring not often used these days, and everywhere the fertility of tropic growth, for even the fence posts are sprouting in the warm humidity. And thus we come to the famous bridge, built in the early part of the seventeenth century with a workmanship that puts us to the blush, and the beginning of the road which connected the ancient city with the harbor of Ancón. Over it passed Morgan and his men on their fateful expedition.



RUINS OF THE CHURCH AT OLD PANAMA

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And now, against the sky, we see the square ruined tower of the cathedral, the crown of the city, whose extent and solidity we can only gradually appreciate as we study its heroic remains.

Originally it was built of wood, and fires and earthquakes, internal revolutions and the rebellions of slaves knocked it to pieces. These numerous events are recorded in detail for those who care to delve minutely into the early history of Spain in the New World. But perhaps only one is of especial interest to the casual visitor, and that is the story of Bayano, who — a negro — was made king of the negroes and fought so bravely against the Spaniards that, except for four men, he annihilated the entire army of Gil Sánchez. When he was captured, the authorities were so impressed by his heroism that they freed him. He again headed a rebellion against the whites, who, capturing him a second time, again spared his life, but exiled him to Spain. The river Bayano commemorates this remarkable personality. Drake and Oxenham both took a whack at Panama, and so did the pirate William Parker. But it remained for Henry Morgan, in 1668, to sack the city with a completeness that has rarely been paralleled among the bloody deeds of men.

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By the time Morgan appeared, the city of Panama was no longer a frontier town of wooden buildings. Esquemeling, the Dutch scribe who accompanied Morgan's band in the rôle of barber surgeon, has left us an eye-witness's full account of the pirates' journey across the Isthmus, and a description of the city and its destruction.

We, to-day, steaming through the Canal on an ocean liner or sitting comfortably in a parlor car rolling over well-laid tracks, can only feebly imagine the fearful suffering which the pirates, as Esquemeling so frankly calls them, cheerfully endured in order to reach Panama from Porto Bello, annihilate the Scarlet Woman of the Apocalypse — which was Spain — and incidentally to fill their pockets with treasures. Besides the heat and the humidity endured by men with iron casques on their heads and swathed in leather and velvet garments, there was the danger of losing the tortuous way, of constant attack by insects, wild beasts, Indians, and the enemy. They had practically no food, and were in such a state of starvation that, finding in one place some leather bags left behind by the Spaniards, they made 'a huge banquet upon them.' Esquemeling explains: 'Some persons who never were out of their mothers' kitchens, may

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ask how these pirates could eat, swallow, and digest those pieces of leather, so hard and so dry. To whom I only answer: That could they once experiment what hunger, or rather famine, is, they would certainly find the manner, by their own necessity, as the Pirates did. For these first took the leather, and sliced it in pieces. Then did they beat it between stones, and rub it, often dipping it in the water of the river, to render it by these means supple and tender. Lastly, they scraped off the hair, and roasted or broiled it upon the fire. And being thus cooked they cut it into small morsels, and ate it, helping it down with frequent gulps of water, which by good fortune they had near at hand.'

Finally they reached the Spanish capital. Esquemeling tells us that 'all the houses of this city were built of cedar, being of very curious and magnificent structure, and richly adorned within, especially with hangings and paintings.' He enumerates also 'eight monasteries . . . two stately churches and one hospital . . . all richly adorned with altar-pieces and paintings, huge quantity of gold and silver, with other precious things. . . . Besides which ornaments, here were to be seen two thousand houses of magnificent and prodigious

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building, being all or the greatest part inhabited by merchants of that country, who are vastly rich. For the rest of the inhabitants of lesser quality and tradesmen, this city contained five thousand houses more. Here were also great number of stables, which served for the horses and mules, that carry all the plate, belonging as well to the King of Spain as to private men, towards the coast of the North Sea. The neighboring fields belonging to this city are all cultivated with fertile plantations and pleasant gardens, which afford delicious prospects to the inhabitants the whole year long.'

This was the city to which Morgan set fire, and which took four weeks to burn to the ground, and in the mean while the terrified inhabitants were subjected to 'the most exquisite tortures imaginable, to make them confess both other people's goods and their own.'

If the ferocity of the pirates was on a terrific order, so was their valor. The Spaniards outnumbered them and were prepared for the attack, even to the extent of having a herd of two thousand wild bulls driven out to trample on them at their approach. The pirates, weakened by hunger, and sickened and diminished in numbers, managed to meet and slaughter the bulls, capture the enemy,

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raze the city, and depart from the place on February 24, 1671, with 'one hundred and seventy-five beasts of carriage laden with silver, gold and other precious things, beside six hundred men, women, children and slaves.' Some of the wealth of the city was hidden. 'One certain galleon, which miraculously escaped their industry being very richly laden with all the King's plate and a great quantity of riches of gold and pearls, jewel and precious goods of all the best and richest merchants in Panama.' However, the pirates' loot was immense, being augmented by extortion from prisoners, for, says our informant, 'they spared, in these their cruelties, no sex nor condition whatsoever. For as to religious persons and priests, they granted them less quarter than to others . . . women themselves were no better used, and Captain Morgan, their leader and commander, gave them no good example in this point.'

This was the man whom England subsequently knighted for his valor and made lieutenant-governor of Jamaica.

Now, as we stand amid the broken walls there is no echo of those 'lamentations, cries, shrieks and doleful sighs.' The only motion is that of a long incessant procession of umbrella ants busily carry-

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ing fragments of leaf to their storehouses. They look tiny and ephemeral in that vast, quiet gloom. But even so, in the light of receding centuries, the labor of man himself may appear — both of him who builded and of him who destroyed. Surely no more substantial edifice could have been raised than this enormous cathedral, with its paving of stone, its roofing of tile, and its walls five feet thick. Now vines cling to the strong arches, hiding all that is left of carved stone and fine brickwork. Here a circular window marks a convent, and yonder walls of exceptional thickness are the treasury vaults. The buttressed roots of a cieba tree push aside the foundations of an altar laid by the hands of Indian slaves, whose labor was rewarded by the doubtful meed of baptism. Long-horned cattle browse in the crypts; lizards sun themselves in the niches. Here an unguarded well gapes to catch the unwary foot. This is all that is left of the pomp and splendor. The harbor of Old Panama ran back of the San Anastasio Church almost as far as the bridge, and good-sized boats could land. Now the black beach which lines the smiling water is treacherous quicksand, and he who should venture out upon it would sink, as Old Panama itself has sunk, into oblivion.

CHAPTER IX

THE CANAL AND THE CANAL ZONE

LIKE many other prodigious achievements, the Panama Canal does not immediately present itself to the layman in startling impressiveness. Whether one leaves Balboa and motors by road to Miraflores Locks, passing the army posts of Corozal and Fort Clayton, or whether one waits to get his first introduction from the deck of the steamer, he will see merely concrete tiers of locks, steel tracks for engines, the gray iron framework of the emergency gates, and the plain walls of the control house. This business-like apparatus, with the nearby filtration plant, lies unspectacularly beside a pleasant golf course. There is no more sound or motion about it than around a suburban reservoir. Is this, then, the Canal — the greatest engineering achievement in the history of man? The curiosity-seeker, who was anticipating the grandeur of Saint Peter's, combined with the modernity of the Woolworth Tower and the acreage of the Houses of Parliament, is nonplussed — perhaps a little disappointed.

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However, having come all this distance to see the Canal, he waits. There must be more of a show than this. The chances are he will not have to wait very long before he sees a vessel looming against the sky and apparently gliding through the grassy meadows. It approaches deliberately, slips gently into the proper chamber, and pays out steel cables to the locomotives waiting on either side on top of the walls. There are four of these locomotives — two to pull forward and two to hold back; for no vessel is permitted to pass through the locks on her own steam. These ‘mules,’ as they are called, complain noisily as they grind along at a snail’s pace, dragging the vessel with them, but in spite of their protest they guide their charge with such exact precision that it is possible for the mightiest of steamships to pass through the locks with less than two feet to spare on either side. If the passive and fettered vessel reminds us of a giant hauled along by a quartet of grumbling dwarfs, the iron chain which rises dripping from the water at this juncture, stretching from wall to wall, is an opposing sea monster. This is the guard chain which would check any vessel which did not stop and was in danger of ramming the gate. There is a hydraulic paying-out arrangement at both ends of the chain



IN THE CANAL, PANAMA

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which gives leeway, so that it could bring to a standstill within seventy feet a ten-thousand-ton vessel, going at a speed of five miles an hour. The vessel having been thus conducted into the chamber, gates are closed behind it without a sound and with exact articulation. Water begins to rise rapidly with a rushing swirl. The vessel is lifted, until it is looking down upon the shrieking locomotives instead of up to them. The gates in front swing open, the guard chain drops. The 'mules' crawl forward again with the rising water, and so into and through the third chamber, where it proceeds upon its way under its own steam, to the next series of locks, those of Pedro Miguel. It is a tedious business, accomplished with clock-like precision, and immediately succeeded by absolute quiet. It looks quite simple. Even so a child might put a chip of wood in an empty basin, pour in a kettleful of water, and watch the chip rise upon the rising surface until it floated over the brim of the basin.

It is not so simple. For nearly five hundred years man has been playing with the idea of a canal across this Isthmus. It took the United States ten years and three hundred and eighty-seven million dollars to accomplish it. We must go back into history — for both Spain and France hoped to

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build this Canal — and down below the ground if we would begin to comprehend anything of the magnitude of the task.

Below the level of the water, confined within the walls of the locks, run corridors of glittering infinity, out of which open cell after cell, each one stocked with intricate machinery. Up above this level rises the control house, with an uninterrupted view of the flight of locks which it commands. In this house is a long control board, upon which is built a miniature model of the locks, and visitors may stand here and watch the tiny gates open and shut, the doll-like fender chains rise and fall, and the valves, which regulate the water in the culverts, open and close. They may even be permitted to push the switch which will set in motion the machinery for locking a vessel through. It is quite a toy — this control board. And yet not a toy, but the index of man's supreme engineering achievement. This unassuming apparatus here by the golf course, with its duplicates at Pedro Miguel and Miraflores, necessitates an army of men living in Panama, raising their families here, and creating a complete universe of their own. In 1928, there was a movement of nearly thirty million tons of cargo through the Canal, and each vessel saved

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seventy-eight hundred and seventy-three miles between New York and San Francisco. The fact that the steamship Oregon, summoned to take her part in the war with Spain in 1898, had to go all the way around the Horn to get to the Caribbean, was a decisive factor in making up the American mind as to the advisability of a Canal.

As the tourist, who finds his first sight of the Canal a little disappointing, gazes at this array of men and machinery, watches the official in the control house operating his switches, and listens as intelligently as he can to some kindly expert's explanation of this and that, he begins to be impressed, after all. And as he drives around Balboa and Ancón, gradually there will begin to grow within him some appreciation of the Canal Zone and what it stands for on the map of civilization.

Average Americans have only the most indefinite ideas concerning this Zone. Some of them think that the United States owns the Isthmus; others that it controls it; still others that only the Canal itself is under our jurisdiction. As a matter of fact, the United States Government has a hundred-year lease from the Republic of Panama, and keeps under military control a strip of land of about fifty miles long and ten miles wide extending from the

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Atlantic to the Pacific. This width was subsequently augmented to include land bordering the Zone up to a level of a hundred feet above sea level. This was to provide for any possible increase of size in Gatun Lake and to regulate sanitation on its borders. Although the cities of Panama and Colón might logically seem to be within the limits of the Zone, especial provisions have been made so that they might remain on Panamanian territory with independent ingress and egress. Since Panama has no ports of entry, the United States Government undertakes to collect the duties and examine the baggage of travelers entering the Isthmus — a procedure which frequently puzzles Americans entering what they properly presume to be American territory. There are other peculiarities of the Zone. When the United States took over the Panama Railroad, it also acquired certain land that had been leased to the railroad before the construction of the Canal. But these lands are not under Zone jurisdiction. It is not necessary for one who is to be in Panama for only a brief period to master these complexities in detail. But it is necessary for every intelligent American to understand that the Republic of Panama is a separate and sovereign entity, and that we lease from it — with option

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of renewal — sufficient territory to maintain the Canal and its defenses, both military and prophylactic.

Although there has been a good deal of discussion as to just which peak in Darien it was to which Balboa went 'himself alone to the toppe,' as Peter Martyr tells us, it is not difficult for the least adventurous to-day to climb one of the possible hills and find the ocean unrolled before him. Probably no explorer of to-day will have such a black record behind him as did the first white man who saw this prospect. The present mode of writing history and biography has 'debunked' poor Balboa almost too effectively. It seems that, in spite of his forceful personality, he was a cruel and unprincipled ruffian, and in order to escape his creditors hid himself in a barrel on board ship. Thus ignominiously began that voyage which ended with the most dramatic of geographical discoveries.

The town which bears his name has nothing of his dash or his naughtiness. As we drive up the Prado, lined by royal palms, pass the clubhouse, the commissary restaurant, Balboa Heights — the residential section of the officials of the Canal — and Quarry Heights — headquarters of the Commanding General and his staff — the towns of

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Ancón and Balboa present an inoffensive uniformity. It is evident that existence here is maintained by Government employees who enjoy many privileges and perquisites, with a corresponding curtailment of individual freedom and privacy unavoidable in an organization so enormous and so complicated that it necessitates what is practically military control. In the residential districts one is depressed by this standardization. It is the feminine contribution which creates an atmosphere of permanence and individuality in dwelling-places, and the Canal Zone is man-made. It is impossible to escape the feeling that the women and children are here temporarily; that social life is stratified, more or less arbitrarily, into military and naval 'sets,' and that there must be much of the gossip and rivalry of a small town among the Zonites.

But as soon as we leave the residential section and come to Fort Amador, with its barracks and smartly kept quarters and grounds, this regulation of life seems entirely fitting and admirable. From here stretches the causeway to the fortified islands — Naos, Perico, and Flamenco — whose mild contours betray nothing of their hidden defenses, beyond their strategic sweep of the ocean and all possible waterways to the Canal. But beneath

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these apparently guileless cones are chambers hewn out of the solid rock: barracks, machine shops, stairways and elevators, electric plants — everything needed for the modern fort. Batteries of fourteen-inch and sixteen-inch guns are cunningly situated on their summits and concealed in artificial hollows. Like everything connected with the Canal, the stupendous labor and incalculable force which these islands represent is minimized by the agreeably rolling landscape. Standing upon their summits, it is possible to imagine that there is nothing of greater import in the vicinity than the distant tiled roofs and towers of Panama, the hills of Taboga and Taboguilla Islands, and the mirage-like glint of the Pearl Islands, named by Balboa himself. Although it was the ‘soft sensuous pearls’ which gave and still keep the fame of these islands, the ocean around here yields another and more sporting crop. For between Panama and San Miguel, the largest of the Pearl Islands, is one of the richest fishing grounds of the Pacific, yielding an inexhaustible silvery crop of mackerel, barracuda, pompano, and dolphin.

It takes a steamer about eight hours to traverse the distance from Balboa to Colón, and a train a little over two. Both trips are of engrossing inter-

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est, and if possible it is worth while to go one way and to return the other.

Going by train from Panama City, we pass the locks of Miraflores and Pedro Miguel, and find ourselves running along what appears to be the side of a quiet river. This meandering stream, whose banks are soft with verdure, and across whose sleepy surface drifts a casual canoe — is this the great Panama Canal? It might be the Charles River flowing through a Massachusetts village, so informal are its banks, so irregular its course! Small islands dot it here and there, and hills, unvarying in contour and monotonous in height, roll along beside it. From the train we do not see the Gaillard or Culebra Cut, often spoken of as the greatest single engineering triumph of the Canal. It took nineteen million pounds of dynamite to break up enough of Culebra Cut to let the water through — and that was only a minor part of the job. All that material had to be deposited somewhere, as well as the twenty-five million cubic yards of earth and rock that continued to slip down into the Canal. Now a canyon nine miles long and in some places half a mile wide splits its way through the mountain which was once regarded as the impregnable barrier of the continental divide. One

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sees nothing of this from the train: only swaying palms and fluttering banana leaves, and the occasional stark outlines of a railroad station.

Where the Chagres River joins the Canal, there are men in boats raking the water hyacinths into heaps and spraying them with chemicals. For these floating blossoms have committed one of the cardinal sins against civilization. They have multiplied too rapidly; so now no one thinks of their fragrance or loveliness, but only of the menace of their numbers, and the hyacinth patrol is steadily at work to keep the Canal free from their entanglement.

You may find the Chagres River slipping into the Canal with deceptive calm, and maintaining this calm as you travel beside it for thirty-five miles. But the Chagres is not always smiling — in fact, exasperated engineers declare it one of the most troublesome and freakish rivers in the world. Sometimes it is a stream two feet deep. Sometimes it is a flood that sends seaward a million gallons of water a minute. It was to control this erratic torrent in every conceivable exigency — even if it should rise to twice its highest known flood record — that Gatun Dam was erected, that prodigious ridge of earth a mile and a half long, half a mile

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thick at the base, and a hundred and five feet high. This dam is thrown across the Chagres Valley where it narrows down to a mile and a half, and is the delight of those statisticians who specialize in clothing facts and figures in ingenuous disguise. They love to tell us that if Gatun Dam were loaded into two-horse wagons, it would make a procession eighty thousand miles long, and would require more horses to move it than there are in the United States. And yet so gradual are its slopes that one does not realize its immensity. True to the tradition of the Canal, it conceals its tremendous significance beneath the most unassuming exterior. But if the Chagres may be a retiring mountain rivulet and Gatun Dam a natural ridge, Gatun Lake defies all tepid similes, flinging its melancholy tentacles over a drowned country like a wild, sad fantasy of Keats or Debussy. This lake does not seem a lake as we skirt it from Frijoles to Monte Lirio, to Gatun. Rather it spreads out like a glassy graveyard whose headstones are the tips of dead forest trees. The lagoons that stretch up into the land are lying over what were once tilled fields, and meadows where cattle browsed. The islands are tops of hills.

The steamer trip through the Canal gives only a

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suggestion of this ruined world, unless one gets off at Monte Lirio, takes the launch there and goes to Limón, and there finds a native Charon who will unconcernedly paddle him through this ghostly realm. While most of the trees which are visible are bleached and bare, some are heart-breakingly in the throes of sending out a bud or a shoot of green. Still others, like grotesquely decked phantoms, are bright with air plants and orchids, with delicate ferns and grasses. And among these specters stir curious creatures of the air and of the earth. Cormorants gloat from the stark branches; swallows and gulls make vivid flashes against the sky, while jácanas run eerily across the floating weeds. Upon the islands the hunter finds tapirs and deer, monkeys and ocelots. Pelicans and herons step noiselessly around the fringes of land, alligators bask in the sluggish waters, and occasionally from the depth rises the clumsy manatee to blow and bellow as he did before the eyes of the astonished Dampier two hundred years ago. Gatun Lake floods one hundred and sixty-four square miles; it is eighty-five feet above sea level, and can accommodate the most torrential flow of the Chagres, even if, in some unimaginable exigency, it should pour forth for a day and night unchecked and with

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every outlet closed. But, long after we have forgotten these figures, we shall remember that strange, bright, unreal world of perished forests and lost valleys, the glancing birds and the animals marooned on islands which were once the summits of friendly hills.

If the traveler who crosses the Isthmus by steamer loses much of the melancholy loveliness of Gatun Lake, the one who crosses by train loses Gatun Locks, which are, however, similar to those at Miraflores and Pedro Miguel. In either case, travelers arrive at Fort Davis, with its barracks and soldiers, Mount Hope, with its pumping station, and come at last to Colón and Cristóbal, the two towns which mark the Atlantic terminus of the Canal.

Colón, which was built on a reclaimed mud flat in 1850 as a starting-point for the Panama Railroad, is Panamanian. Cristóbal, which owes its existence to the Canal, is American. Together they complete the name of that discoverer who is known to most Americans only by the anglicized syllables of Christopher Columbus. They lie side by side with many confusing interrelations, the one which causes most difficulty to refugees from the Volstead Act being the enforcement of the dry law. For

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instance, Hotel Washington, belonging to the United States, cannot sell liquor. But being on Panamanian territory guests in the hotel may have their own liquor served in the dining-room.

Cristóbal is a typical Zone town, scrupulously clean and neat and mathematically laid out. The standardized houses are screened; the offices of the railroad and steamship lines and the clubhouses for colored and for white employees are well built and well kept. New Cristóbal, like Colón's attractive suburb of Santurce, which it adjoins, is also on made land, and offers the best of bathing beaches to its residents. On account of the cooler climate, many Government employees consider themselves fortunate if they are posted on the Atlantic instead of the Pacific terminus.

Colón is a ramshackle city, still retaining a touch of French influence in its façades, and in scattering words and customs. While there are some substantial buildings and pretty plazas, and while the United States is supposed to have cleaned it up and sanitized it, the narrow streets are still chiefly lined by wooden tenements, whose overhanging balconies form a roof over the sidewalks below. They are criss-crossed by dim alleys down which scuttle naked brown babies whose forbears we must

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thank for having dug the Canal, and from which seep whiffs of fish and charcoal and other less mentionable odors. Colón mourns the loss of its title, 'the wickedest city in America.' In the early days murder and robbery were daily occurrences, and the dark streets were hives of gambling-dens and disreputable houses. When the railroad was completed, and afterward, the Canal, this element moved off to other more congenial climes. But, as is inevitable in a port receiving daily boatloads of sailors and soldiers, drummers waiting to connect with steamers, and Americans whose chief object in travel is to get away from Prohibition, songs, raucous or merely trailing off key, float out from the swinging doors all night long, and carriages and taxis convey the 'happy' visitors back to their ships and hotels.

The visitor whose ideas of entertainment lie in other directions need not be at a loss. The Hotel Washington offers a superb location and grounds, and the best of service, rooms and food. There are a swimming-pool and verandas to catch every trade wind passing over the Caribbean. Although drives are more limited than around Panama, one may find a sufficient number for several afternoons. A favorite is to the old French Canal Route, which

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branches off to the left to Fort Randolph, and to the right to Gatun. The latter road runs through pretty country and passes Mindi Dairy and Fort Davis. The former leads to France Field, the dirigible sheds of the military air station, Coco Solo, the naval submarine base and naval air station. There are boat trips, too, from Fort de Lesseps Pier to Fort Sherman, and to Toro Point with its lighthouse. A launch from Gatun goes down the Chagres to Fort San Lorenzo and one from Colón to Puerto Bello — but that excursion must wait until the next chapter.

But Colón's chief distinction from the tourist's point of view is the multiplicity of her shops. Front Street presents an unbroken row of Spanish shawls, Panama hats, embroidered linens, perfumes, brass and ivory. Merchants of all nationalities sit in the shade of their open doors or hover behind their counters, shaking out silk kimonos and fluttering carved and feathered fans to tempt the passer-by. The sound of perpetual bargaining is accompanied by the clink of silver pesos, and of 'gold,' which is the term for all United States currency.

The always-in-a-hurry American who cannot pause to study the engineering problems of the Canal will not care for more than the briefest outline of its history. He should, however, remember

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that the present Canal is not the first, but the last of several attempts to connect the Atlantic and the Pacific. As early as 1534, the King of Spain sent Pascual de Andagoya to survey the Isthmus, but the idea of a canal which he advanced was abandoned on account of expense. The next survey was nearly a century later under Philip III. This was also given up because Spain was afraid it would render her possessions too accessible to pirates, and also because the Church pronounced it a sacrilege for man to connect oceans so obviously severed by Divine Providence.

Two centuries later, a concession was granted to a French company, and Napoleon Carella was sent to make a report. But it was not until 1878 that the Universal Interoceanic Canal Company was organized, and Ferdinand de Lesseps, who had become a popular hero in France because of his connection with the Suez Canal, headed the enterprise. The French failure at Panama was tragic. Between 1880 and 1904 were spent three hundred million dollars and lives innumerable. Certain of the plans were of highest scientific quality, and much of the work accomplished was of permanent value — such as reduction of Culebra Cut. The machinery which France subsequently sold to the

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United States was so excellent that, even after standing in the tropical jungle for twenty years, it was rebuilt at ten per cent of its original cost, and served during the entire remaining period of construction.

The French failure was due to four causes. First, it had not yet been established that yellow fever is transmissible only through the bite of a mosquito. It was impossible to succeed in building the canal until this discovery was accepted and the mosquito practically exterminated. Second, preventive medicine had not been sufficiently developed for any nation to cope with tropical diseases or to realize the vital importance of sanitation, proper feeding and housing of employees, etc. Third, the French company regarded the enterprise as primarily one of promotion and finance: of the one hundred and thirty-five men who met at the International Scientific Congress in 1879, representing nearly every European nation and the United States, only forty-two were engineers. And finally, despite the brilliant engineering and the thorough workmanship, there was an orgy of graft such as has seldom been brought to light in all the nefarious dealings of man with his fellows. When we took over the French supplies, we found among

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other superfluities ten thousand snow shovels, fifteen thousand torchlights to be touched off in celebrating the completion of the canal, and a ton of rusty pen points which had never been used. The stationery bill of the Canal Company with one stationery firm for one year amounted to one hundred and eighty thousand dollars. Salaries and perquisites, from highest officials to lowest employees, were in the same ratio. The scandal would have been laughable if it had not been so overwhelmingly disastrous. Count de Lesseps died, with his mind broken by the abuse of his countrymen. Thousands of stockholders, many of them thrifty peasants who had invested all their hard-won savings in the venture, were utterly ruined. It was to obliterate as far as possible the unfortunate ignominy of her defeat and to recognize what France had actually accomplished that the United States made a graceful gesture. When the explosion had blown up the last barrier of the land which separated the two oceans, a small French steamboat passed from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It was the *Louise*, which, thirty-five years before, had carried de Lesseps to turn the first sod at Panama.

The history of the Panama Canal cannot be con-

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densed into a few pages. Literally hundreds of volumes concerning various phases of it stand in the Congressional library. They deal with engineering problems, international relations and treaties, and discussion of toll rates, commercial importance and military significance of the Canal, and the industrial and humanitarian and medical side of the intricate labor problem which attended the undertaking.

To any one who is interested in a history of the various canal projects, Lindley Miller Keasbey's 'The Nicaragua Canal and the Monroe Doctrine' is recommended. Frederic J. Haskin's 'The Panama Canal,' which is endorsed by Colonel Goethals, gives every fact any one could possibly want to know, and is readably written as well. A. Hyatt Verrill's 'Panama of Today' is an excellent handbook to the Isthmus, to the Canal, and to the Republic of Panama.

CHAPTER X

CARTAGENA

FOUR hundred years ago, the Spaniard, coursing up and down the northern coast of South America, pushed his carved and gilded prow up a labyrinthine channel lying between green hills. The clumsy galleon, so beautiful to see, with its swelling, square-cut sails, its pennons and flags and emblazoned towering deck-houses, and so unwieldy to navigate, as it was to learn later and to its sorrow, from the low, swift English craft, found its way along the tortuous narrows, and, twisting and turning, came at last to rest in a harbor so sheltered, so large, so cunningly protected from the ocean, and so surrounded by hills that offered effective basis for fortification, that the adventurers decided — despite hostile Indians — to build a great city here which would be Spain's stronghold for all this rich and newly discovered country.

And such a city they did build — no mere jumble of temporary huts, but a splendid city, with engineers from Spain laying out its streets and royal architects designing the houses and palaces,

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its cathedral and convents, after the models of Seville. And around it all they built a wall, fifty to sixty feet high and forty feet thick, with round-capped sentry houses overhanging the sea, for watchmen to scan the horizon for enemy sails. There were slits in the battlements through which the soldiers could shoot their arquebuses, and underneath were tunnels and hidden passages and dungeons and arched gateways crowned by the arms of Spain.

It cost sixty million dollars and lives innumerable — first of the Indians, who were soon exterminated, and then of the negroes, who were imported from Africa — and this gigantic bulwark, with its eight outlying forts, secured to Spain for two centuries the mastery of the West Indies. The city was named Cartagena de Indias, to distinguish it from Cartagena in Spain, which had, in its turn, been named for Carthage in North Africa. And it still stands, its massive defenses beaten by the Caribbean Sea, its white buildings luminous in the tropical light — the most complete survival of the mediæval world in the Western Hemisphere.

With its perfect harbor, its fresh climate, and its tremendous fortifications, Cartagena became so important that only Lima surpassed it in wealth

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and only Mexico City in splendor. The ships from Spain, laden with goods for the colonies, arrived at Cartagena two months after leaving Cadiz. They met here caravans bringing gold and emeralds from New Granada, pearls from Margarita, and indigo, tobacco, and cacao from the Venezuela coast. They met here, too, the mule teams from Panama burdened with gold and silver. For fifty or sixty days Cartagena became a carnival of barter. From all the Spanish Main merchants in gold necklaces, laces, and slashed silk doublets flocked to attend a fair whose glittering exchange ran up into the millions. Then the galleons sailed back to Spain weighed down with their precious loot, and mule trains, piled high with necessities and with their bells tinkling, wended their slow way back to Panama.

As a depository of so much wealth, Cartagena became the objective, not only of every nation formally at war with Spain, but with every pirate and buccaneer that sailed the sea — and the sea was thick with them. Despite her walls, which look impregnable even to-day, the city was continually attacked and not infrequently sacked and partially burned. She suffered six sieges, one lasting for two years. The French made a spectacular



THE WALL, CARTAGENA, COLOMBIA



RAMP LEADING UP TO THE WALL, CARTAGENA

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onslaught during the wedding of the governor's sister and carried away six hundred thousand ducats. The English gained an entrance under Hawkins and also under Drake, who, with his usual brilliant seamanship, managed to get through the intricate harbor without a pilot! He followed this exploit by another — making a landing in an unexpected place by wading waist-deep through the water, just out of reach of the Spanish guns. When he and his men gained possession of the town, they stayed in it for fifty-three days, and obtained money and valuables worth five hundred thousand ducats. After Cartagena had declared her independence, Spain captured it under General Morello. All these gentlemen battered the churches, ravaged the nuns, burned the houses, and made off with as much booty as they could stuff into their ships, and returning home were hailed as heroes. Neither were these forays confined to the Elizabethan period and to vandals from France and England. Virginia and Massachusetts have something to answer for in the spoliation of the heroic city — whose only crime was her beauty and her power. As late as 1740, it occurred to Admiral Vernon that it would redound to his fame if he could make a spectacular capture of the place.

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Being a forehanded fellow, he had some brass medals struck in England with a relief of the Spanish commander of Cartagena kneeling and surrendering his sword, with the words underneath, 'Spanish pride pulled down by Admiral Vernon.' He then gathered together a force of Englishmen and a thousand men from the colonies. Those from Virginia started under the command of Governor Spotswood, whose name is still such a happy legend in the Old Dominion. But he died of a flux while passing through Maryland on his way to 'ye harbour of Sandy Hook,' and the Virginians were thereupon headed by a stripling named Lawrence Washington, who happened to have a younger half brother, George. Admiral Vernon did not capture Cartagena either in this expedition or on the second which he organized a year later. The fortified hill of San Felipe de Barajas, outside the wall, looks to-day very much as it must have when young Lawrence Washington received his wound there. The whole appears to be a solid mass of cement and stone — the Spaniards discovered how to make a cement from coral, burned to extract the white lime, and legend says mixed with molasses — with ramps leading up the sides, and the machicolated top and caps of the sentinel towers outlined against

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the sky. The underground passages and half-obliterated tombs are still there for the occasional investigator to discover, and three centuries and a half have hardly affected the superb impregnability of the walls. San Felipe saved the city of Cartagena, but Admiral Vernon did plenty of damage, nevertheless, and it took years to rebuild certain of the forts which he attacked with his three hundred cannon. He lost three fourths of his men and never got a chance to wear his engraved brass medals. Those who love Cartagena find it hard to see just what there was about the wanton attacks of Admiral Vernon to warrant the lively admiration of Lawrence Washington. Nevertheless, the young man was so impressed by his commander that when he returned home he renamed his plantation for him. And that name is about the only word left in the current vocabulary of most Americans from the last great expedition against Cartagena.

It would be tedious to recount all the various attacks which Cartagena repulsed and those she did not repulse.¹ It suffices the visitor to know

¹ In 1544, the French, headed by Captain Robert Ball, carried away two hundred thousand ducats. In 1560, the French squadron of seven ships, headed by Don Juan and Martin Cote, lost three hundred men at Cartagena, but conquered the city. In 1565, John Hawkins tried to effect an entrance, but failed. In 1568, Hawkins

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that, despite her vicissitudes, the heroic city retains to-day enough of her original fortifications to show us precisely what a walled city could be. The great stone barricade, stained by lichens, the sea-wash and the weather, still marches around the water's edge, although in many places sand and silt have made beaches where once the hewn blocks rose sheer from the ocean. The top is so wide and smooth that on it three automobiles can easily drive abreast. But it is not the automobiles which most fittingly decorate las murallas. Rather it is the brown-skinned men and boys flying their many-colored kites in which — with the love of Southern races for a racket — they have fixed a contrivance to make a noise like a cricket; it is the girls perching and gesticulating on the wide parapet which serves as a seat; the old crones rearranging their market-baskets in the shade of the deep

returned with seven ships of which Drake was in charge of one, but was compelled to withdraw by the guns of Pastelillo. In 1586, Drake landed with a thousand men, got a ransom of one hundred and ten thousand ducats, which combined with valuables and money totaled five hundred thousand ducats, and stayed for fifty-three days. In 1695, it was sacked by Captain Jean Baptiste du Casse. In 1697, it was sacked by Jean Bernard des Jeannes, Baron of Pointis. Morgan commanded this expedition. In 1726, Rear Admiral Rosier battered the forts, but retired. In 1740, Admiral Vernon made his first attack and in 1741 his second. In 1754, British warships attacked the fort. In 1815, the Spanish fleet commanded by General Morello attacked and captured the city.

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gateways. The tops of the walls are a promenade *par excellence*, swept by the perpetual trade wind. Underneath, where was once a row of cells for prisoners, is now the Bóvedas, where poor families live rent free. The barred doors have long since rusted open into the long arcaded corridor outside. Inside, each dark, damp room, which receives its only light and air from this one entrance and a single narrow slit in the rear, serves as a home for old and young, for pigs and cats and goats and dogs; for charcoal braziers, for the ubiquitous sewing machine, and for all the attendant sights and sounds of domestic life. The more enterprising make their large apartments into smaller ones by the simple expedient of stringing a rope across a corner and hanging it with clothes. The stained rosy color of the arcades presents a series of frames for single figures or eddying groups, very pleasing to any one not unduly imbued with ideas of modern sanitation. Yes, the walls are the great feature of Cartagena, and the student of mediæval life need go no farther to study the architecture and customs of a fortified city of four centuries ago, even to certain mediæval habits and odors which still persist unabashed.

But fascinating as the walls are, there was more

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than military occupation in Spain's settlement of the New World. The priest was as important a figure as the soldier in her policy of colonization, and those of the enslaved blacks who survived the hideous strain of the heavy stone work, augmented by recruits freshly brought from Africa, were now turned upon further and similar construction, this time for warding off not temporal but spiritual attacks. A cathedral, churches, convents for both men and women, and palaces for the high ecclesiastics were raised, solid and spacious. They had tiled floors, wrought-iron grillwork at the windows, lofty ceilings of inlaid wood, carved balconies, candlesticks, and vessels of gold. The Moorish influences which had so definitely affected Spanish architecture were repeated again in this remote city belonging to Spain on the far Caribbean. In the libraries were vellum-bound and hand-illuminated volumes; in the cellars were wicker casks of Chilean wines. And in the cloisters and on the terraces paced the black-robed priests whom Spain had sent out to direct the spiritual destinies and to collect the enforced tithes of her people in New Granada. Cartagena was made a bishopric, and in 1611 the headquarters of the Inquisition was established here, 'to prevent the impersonation of priesthood,

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to eradicate bigamy, heresy, and sorcery in all the Caribbean regions.' Whoever has read Charles Kingsley's splendid old novel 'Westward Ho!' will never forget the ghastly scene when the shrieks of Rose Salterne pierce the dark corridors of the Inquisition and the readers' fascinated imagination with unforgettable horror. Charles F. Stocking, in 'Carmen Ariza,' has also written a novel — verbose but accurate — of life in Cartagena in the seventeenth century. The Parque de Bolívar, which marks the spot where the accusations and punishments were pronounced to the trembling crowds, is a peaceful enough little place to-day. The equestrian statue of Bolívar in the center is of bronze; the benches forming a circle around the promenade are of marble. Royal palms have been symmetrically planted to give both decoration and shade, and four fountains embellish the four corners, while on the west stands a sweet, benign old building, which was, up to a hundred years ago, nothing less than the headquarters of the Inquisition. Like an old gentleman whose bold black locks have been whitened by time, and whose once fierce face has been deceptively softened by age — and possibly by repentance and amended ways — so this mild two-story building, with its friendly bal-

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conies, does not give forth a vibration of the shrieks which once issued from it, when forces, bland and invincible, were persuading stubborn souls that the Roman Church was the loving and only mother of mankind. Only the handsome doorway, with its scrollwork and carved coat of arms, distinguishes the building from its neighbors. The lower floor is inhabited by a business firm; the upper one by private families; the cells and dungeons beneath by darkness and oblivion.

It is inevitable that the horrid tales of torture, the scandals of licentious or avaricious ecclesiastics, should have been seized upon by novelists and lush historians. And yet it was not in the comparatively few cases of physical violence or carnal delinquence that the Church, through the Inquisition, did most harm to the New World over which she had appointed herself adviser. It was by her fanatical censorship of all liberal thought, of books, works of art, innovations, and creative aspiration of all kinds that the Church stifled intellectual life in Spain's colonies. The Inquisition was abolished in 1811, restored in 1815, and abolished finally in 1821. Many of its buildings have been converted to secular use. What was the convent of San Agustín — opposite Hotel Washington — is now the Uni-



A CORNER OF SAN FERNANDO CASTLE, CARTAGENA



DOORWAY OF THE INQUISITION, CARTAGENA

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versity of Cartagena, with pink exterior walls, and doors and shutters of brightest wagon blue. The cloister is restored and serves as a student promenade; what was the chapel is the University library, with fresh green bushes growing out of its time-softened dome and fresh youth passing back and forth over its worn threshold. The Jesuit church of San Francisco, in the suburb of Manga, from which Drake wrung three thousand ducats, is now partially in ruins and its convent is an asylum for the poor. The convent of Santa Clara, enlarged and modernized, is a public hospital, with wing-capped nuns hurrying through the cloister. The Teatro Municipal stands upon the site of La Merced, which was built in 1618, and that of San Diego is the State Prison. But in spite of all this rededication of church buildings, there are a sufficient number left untouched for Cartagena to retain her ancient ecclesiastical flavor. There is, of course, the cathedral, with the Archbishop's palace adjoining, begun in 1538, completed in 1640, and, unfortunately for it and us, redecorated in 1929. But the gaudy modern embellishment does not conceal the Spanish elegance of the gold reredos, the carved benches that would make the antique collector break the Tenth Commandment, or the

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pulpit of different-colored marbles carved in Italy and shipped to Lima in Peru, but stranded by a shipwreck at Cartagena. Hearsay has it that one of the grills in the windows was once used to roast heretics on, in the benign-faced building opposite. On an August noon it could still serve its original purpose by merely placing it and the heretic in the sun of Parque de Bolívar. We see few men in the cathedral or in any of the churches. Only women with black veils or little girls in white lace ones, pulled reverently over their heads. Humble souls in whose veins the blood of the Carib squaw and the Spanish nobleman are mingled, and in whose simple heads the teachings of the Church have comfortingly merged with their aboriginal superstitions.

There is the church of Santo Toribío, with its high ceiling of inlaid wood, and Santo Domingo, built in 1570, with rather interesting flat arches in transepts and cloisters, and with a low square stained tower from which comes a cheerful clangor of bells in the Maxixe rhythm, so popular in South American countries. The name of San Pedro Claver has been given to what was San Ignacio when built by the Jesuits in 1603. Pedro Claver left Spain to come to the new colony and be 'the slave of slaves' — who, poor creatures, needed

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succor of some sort badly enough. His services to the unfortunate blacks are naïvely portrayed in brightly colored murals. So meek was San Pedro — recently canonized — that he would not even drive a mosquito away from his face, and mosquitoes were frequent in those days, and so was yellow fever. However, the saint lived to continue his ministrations for forty years, and his remains are piously preserved here, and little birds fly in the windows and around the reredos as if they, too, were paying their respects to the kind old man.

But of all the ecclesiastical buildings in Cartagena, the most interesting one by far is the church and convent of Santa Candelaria, familiarly known as La Popa, from the hill on which it stands. The square white towers of this highly perched edifice are visible for miles. From the water it is the first thing the traveler sees, the sun glinting whitely upon it. As one winds around the narrow channel coming into the harbor, or moves about the city, La Popa seems to move too. It is the affectionately regarded landmark of Cartagena, as Pão de Assucar is of Rio de Janeiro, or the Campanile of Venice. It is not much of a climb up the hill. If it is in the dry season and the road is in good condition, an automobile can drive up in fifteen minutes. And

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one can make the easily graded road on foot in half an hour. As we approach it, we see what is not apparent from below — that it is practically in ruins. Buzzards perch on the ragged walls and the roof has dropped in over the convent. The first courtyard is deserted: its flat arched arcade on the left is untenanted; no one lingers on the parapet to the right, overlooking the Caribbean. From the visitors' cottage — which also serves as a semaphore station to signal the approach of vessels — we can look down on the city, whose central part, that which is encircled by the wall, suggests the palm of a hand, while the many suburbs are outstretched fingers separated from one another by inlets and lagoons and connected to the main part by bridges. From the high vantage point of La Popa, Cartagena seems almost Venetian, with its many water intersections, its airy bridges, and its long points of land stretching out into the sea. We pick out familiar landmarks: the dome and two towers of San Pedro; the Marconi Station; the Sailors' Monument; the cathedral; the pink tower of the University Library. The sun flashes on the pretty white villas of Manga and Cabrero; the palm trees fringe the beaches; the river boats, revolving their stern wheels, steam up the Dique Canal, and one ocean liner ties up to

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the dock while another draws out of the harbor. A toy train puffs south, bound for Calamar, and an airplane flits by for Bogotá — miles away. There are telescopes in the semaphore station which bring the fairy scene into abrupt reality, so that the scampering flies on the distant road become donkeys, motes become men, and the scurrying anthill is the market-place — across from the Plaza de Independencia — from which, in 1824, the province of Cartagena was proclaimed forever free from Spain.

We linger looking down on the city, remembering Baptista Antonio's recommendations to the King of Spain in 1587 for its fortification, preserved meticulously for us in the pages of Hakluyt. And we remember, too, Sabatini's excellent description of Cartagena and its attack by pirates, in 'Captain Blood.' We see boats making the long circuit to enter the harbor by Boca Chica — the little mouth — because Boca Grande — the large mouth, which appears to be the natural entrance — was in 1640 blocked up by stones to prevent the too-easy entrance of pirates. The tide reopened the channel, but it was effectively and finally closed in 1788, leaving a depth of water of only six feet.

And as we trace out these things on the living map below us, our ragged guide waits patiently to

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lead us across another courtyard, on a higher level than the first, to the church and the convent. And here at last we see the famous statue of the Virgin about which so many legends have persisted for centuries, and who is still honored by a yearly festival. Dampier speaks of this 'Madre de Popa or Nuestra Señora de Popa, a monastery of the Virgin Mary, standing on the top of a very steep hill just behind Cartagène. It is a place of incredible wealth,' he goes on, 'by reason of the offerings made here continually; and for this reason is often in danger of being visited by the Privateers. . . . 'Tis, in short, the very Loretto of the West Indies: it hath innumerable miracles related of it. Any misfortune that befalls the Privateers is attributed to this Lady's doing: and the Spaniards report that she was abroad that night the Oxford Man of War was blown up at the Isle of Vacca near Hispaniola, and that she came home all wet; as, belike, she often returns with her Cloaths dirty and torn with passing through woods, and bad ways when she has been out on any expedition, deserving doubtless a new suit for such eminent pieces of service.' She looks very innocent and fresh, with her rosy cheeks and bashful glance, to have been up to any such tricks — does the Madre de Popa.

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Well, well, one can never tell. In the cloister the double-arched arcade still stands stoutly, but the walls and ceilings of the adjoining chambers have fallen, leaving the rotting hand-hewn rafters against the sky. The guide shows us, very seriously, the place where the nuns are supposed to have leaped over the cliff when they saw the pirates sailing into the harbor. La Popa is full of legends.

And while we stand here, we can look, not only back into the past, when Hawkins, pretending to be a merchant, tried to gain his way into the city, and Morgan, commanding the Pointis expedition, sailed away with eighty brass cannons, two bells, and gold and treasures uncounted, we can get an excellent forecast of the future. For Cartagena, once the richest city and most popular port on the Caribbean, is well on the way to repeat her fortune and her fame. Oil has been discovered and is being brought from the oil fields, over two hundred miles away, at the rate of a million and a half barrels monthly. Each barrel pays a tax of ten per cent — either in cash or in oil — to the Colombian Government. The Tropical Oil Company paid two million dollars to the Colombian Government in 1928. This points to enormous prosperity. The narrow,

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balconied streets may no longer be crowded with bearded merchants in gold chains and velvet capes, but the inconspicuous-looking business men from Germany, England, and the United States, who sit chatting in the whitewashed loggias of the hotels, are representing even greater money interests. They are bankers and brokers; they are buying and selling oil, putting up warehouses and office buildings, advising on public works, introducing automobiles, radios, victrolas, and airplanes. They are, in short, the forerunners of a great commercial renaissance for Cartagena and for all Colombia. And—perhaps most important of all—the Dique Canal, which is actually a branch of the Magdalena River, is being dredged and widened so that soon large vessels may sail directly up into the interior, thus opening opportunities of commerce to out-rival even the richest dreams of long ago. The Government is advancing a million and a half dollars for waterworks in the city. Adequate new docks are being projected. Now that modern methods are being applied to her inexhaustible natural resources, to the utilization of her harbor, her climate, and geographical location, it seems impossible to overstate the possibilities of her future prosperity. And all of this unrolls before us as we

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stand on the terrace of La Popa and look down on the towers and bridges and the glorious old wall of that heroic city.

There are other drives than to La Popa. The near-by town of Turbaco still holds its bull-fights and throws itself into the celebration of holidays with abandon untouched by sophistication. The suburbs of Manga and Cabrero are as pretty as white-frosted wedding cakes. A drive out to La Boca Grande leads us past handsome clubhouses and dwellings of the Andean National Corporation, through whose pipes comes all the oil. Here are golf courses and tennis-courts and electric refrigerators and shower baths and radios picking up New York and Chicago. A little farther on is a fishing village, where black children, naked as the day they were born, imitate the white men by whacking a salvaged golf ball with the fragment of a discarded mashie, from a tee formed of wet sea sand. Beyond the village is all that is left of the historic fort of Pastelillo, built in 1558 and partially destroyed by Admiral Vernon two centuries later — and still one of the characteristic landmarks of the harbor. We turn home through the soft twilight, the trade wind in our faces, passing through scattered thatch-roofed villages, their

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front doors flanked by immense earthen water-jars such as Ali Baba saw in his courtyard: under a gateway in the wall and thus into the city again, with its balconied houses, its frequent parks, its blue and pink churches.

There are walks as well as drives in Cartagena, each one a panorama of shifting color and insouciant outdoor life. In the din of the market are live pigeons, chickens, and ducks for sale; thin cassava cakes packed in cylindrical rolls and wrapped in palm leaves; cakes of coarse brown sugar, pieces of sugar cane; corn meal wrapped in corn husks; slender black cigars tied in bundles; limes; Colombian coffee, roasted very black and ground very fine; eggs defying all law of refrigeration; butter from the fertile banks of the Sinú, and sent, like lard, in sealed tins. The bargaining is sharp. The customer picks out his own bananas, or coarse heavy yucca roots, which, with rice, constitute the staple of the poorer people's diet, and the merchant watches him closely. A cocoanut shell serves as a measure for beans or rice, and the money is carefully counted by both parties before the transaction is completed. The German women, whose husbands — true to tradition — are keepers of pensions and hotels, pause to gossip with one another,

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while the native boys who carry their baskets shift their weight from one bare foot to another.

There are innumerable little shady parks, all well supplied with benches where one may sit and watch the pageant of life pass by. In nearly all of them are gayly colored kiosks selling soft drinks and post-cards, and many of them boast monuments or statues — the latter not half so pretty as the pretty girls who saunter by. There are hotel patios, too, enlivened by a cage of monkeys and parrots, and open-door cafés where Colombians are drinking coffee, Germans are drinking beer, and English and Americans are drinking whiskey. And on the other side of the narrow sidewalk high-powered automobiles race each other down the congested street, and donkeys, laden with boxes or baskets or cruelly heavy casks, trot by or stand without complaint, long tear-stains marked down their cheeks from their gentle eyes. The automobiles are invariably large and expensive, and scrupulously dusted and polished, for the South American adores show and scorns the lower-priced cars. The donkeys are usually small and sorrowful, for, like the Latin on the Mediterranean, his brother on the Caribbean beats his beast of burden all day and lashes him into a gallop on the homeward stretch at night.

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Between the rich and their costly motors and the poor with their starved donkeys, there seems to be no middle class.

Of course in this, as in all port cities, the waterfront offers perpetual entertainment. Down by the dock built by an English company and sold to the Colombian Government, the ocean liners are unloading oil, machinery, and automobiles, and taking on coffee. If there is, according to Northern standards, a certain lack of efficiency in some of the dock arrangements, there is also an ease of procedure. The public telephone stands free for any one to use. Taxi-drivers, stevedores, hotel porters, and steamship agents saunter over to it, call up their friends — or enemies, it is impossible to tell which from the staccato torrent of Spanish — carry on long conversations and saunter away again, unmulcted of a penny.

River boats and dugout canoes come to anchor by the smaller wharves. The lagoon near the market is a welter of slender masts, of tent-like canopies pitched over decks on which are piled bananas and sleeping sailors and rainbow-colored fruit. The river boats are similar to those on our Mississippi River, with very shallow draft, which does not, unhappily, always prevent their striking sand-bars on

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the Magdalena, particularly in the dry season. The name on one of Pedro de Heredia reminds us that it was this doughty Spaniard who founded Cartagena in 1533, not under hospitable circumstances, for the Indian warriors met him with poisoned arrows, and the Indian women fought his men bare-handed. Apparently the olive-skinned Spaniard did not appeal to the dusky maidens of Colombia as the fair-haired John Smith did to Pocahontas. One native Cartagenian lady killed twelve Spaniards before she was captured.

If one tires of strolling, there are beaches iridescent with seashells, pink, azure, pale lavender, and yellow. The water is warmer than the air: the sand is soft as flour. Here in the early morning or late afternoon — for in the middle of the day the sun is too hot for any but brown or black skins — bathing is perfect all the year around. The shells glisten in a rainbow curve; the breeze is fresh, and the breakers boom rhythmically against the old wall. And almost directly north, less than two thousand miles away, is New York. For this city, the third oldest in the Western Hemisphere and perhaps the most fascinating, is quite accessible. One may leave New York on an icy winter's day and, sailing into ever smoother water and ever

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warmer weather, see at the end of the eighth day the square white tower of La Popa sparkling in the luminous light, high above the ocean, the domes of the churches of the city, and the wall which encircles them all.

They tell the story of the King of Spain being discovered one day gazing fixedly out of a west window of the Escorial.

‘For what are you looking, sire?’ ventured a courtier.

‘I am looking for the walls of Cartagena,’ sighed the King. ‘They cost so much, I feel that they should be visible from here.’

It is not recorded that any king of Spain did ever actually see the walls which cost so many millions and which preserved that country’s power in the West Indies for two centuries. But any one who has ever looked at them will, often in the future, be caught gazing through a window of memory, and seeing there, rising from the blue ocean, the walls and battlements of Cartagena.

CHAPTER XI

PUERTO COLOMBIA AND BARRANQUILLA

THE little village of Puerto Colombia lies scattering along the beach, the low thatch- or tile-roofed houses set among slanting cocoanut palms and hardly visible from the boat as it rounds the bold headland. But although the handful of buildings is not impressive, the three-quarters-of-a-mile cement pier, with its traffic of locomotive and freight cars and stevedores, is of decided importance. Through this stout proboscis the Republic of Colombia — a country about the size of Spain, France, and the British Isles combined — sucks seventy per cent of its commerce. And to this well-built and well-lighted pier presses a continual procession of ocean steamers and freighters delivering the automobiles, machinery, victrolas, radio sets, and sewing machines which Colombia needs, and receiving in return the hundreds of tons of coffee, cacao, wheat, and oil which Colombia exports.

Even before we are docked, there is presented to us a segment of that racial conglomeration which constitutes one of this large Republic's chief pro-

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blems. Of course there are negroes, in every gradation of color and in every possible combination of miscegenation. Spain had a habit of exterminating the Indians wherever she found them in the New World and then importing African slaves to do the necessary manual labor of the colonies — a procedure which our glorious United States is in no position to criticize. Since the negroes cling chiefly to the warm land around the coast, we find them here in greater proportion than farther inland or on higher altitudes. Kinky hair, thick lips, and flashing grins greet us, therefore, as we lean over the rail, and black hands gesticulate that the owner has horse and carriage or even an automobile at our disposal. The stolid mask of the Indian stares indifferently past us, while on his square shoulders is hoisted the burden of crates and bags and baskets. The blond head of a German porter from the inevitable German hotel is set off by the exquisitely modeled features, the almond eyes, and olive skin of an East-Indian. The Celestial is here, too, in varying degrees of pure-bloodedness, and the port officials, in white uniforms and helmets, are haughtily Castilian in their voice and manner. What they are in reality would baffle a professional analyst of family trees.

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Here, then, we have Puerto Colombia — a few adobe buildings, a magnificent pier, and an assorted representation of Colombian citizens!

By one of those curious inconsistencies which so often attach themselves to names, this particular land named after him was not discovered by Columbus at all, but by Alonso de Ojeda, who accompanied Columbus on his second voyage and was the first white man to touch this coast. The comparatively obscure Amerigo Vespucci was with Ojeda and left his name to resound forever in the syllables of two continents. And since we are speaking of names, it was Ojeda who called a certain near-by Indian settlement, built on piers in the water, Little Venice or Venezuela.

Ships stop at Puerto Colombia to discharge and to receive cargo, and long as the pier is it is not long enough to accommodate the vessels waiting for their turn. When the liners tie up side by side, passengers visit back and forth with the informality of strangers in a strange country. Quite uninvited, we stroll through the polished halls and silk-lined cabins of a new Italian liner, or patronize the rathskeller of one of those splendid new vessels Germany is turning out so rapidly, or stand and watch the red-capped French sailors. Priests and

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nuns are frequent figures on these foreign decks, usually in black, but occasionally in white, and sometimes the scarlet cap of a cardinal glints for a moment against the background of blue sea.

The village of Puerto Colombia is not wholly without attraction. The deeply rutted streets disregard any formal pattern, to be sure, criss-crossing and slanting in any direction that suits their fancy, but the little houses, under their tall peaked roofs of thatch or tile or tin, are bright and fresh with their white and colored washes. They have, for instance, white walls with a strip of blue around the base, pink grills at the windows, and a pink door—reminding us that, while ‘color in the home’ may be a new vogue in household decoration in the United States, it is an old one in Puerto Colombia. Dark-eyed girls lean on the window-sills; naked children and goats and pigs and dogs play together in the sand of the unpaved streets or rub the cement sidewalks to gleaming obsidian by the friction of their naked limbs — and surely nakedness is preferable to rags in this soft climate, with these bodies of golden brown or olive or velvet dusk. There are ‘hotels’ and ‘cafés’ and ‘bars’ and ‘saloons,’ as befits a seaport, and one

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may sit in that perpetual breeze which sweeps the Caribbean and, since water is scarce and dear, drink Colombian beer which is both good and cheap.

The natural breakwater formed by the silt of the Magdalena River, which protects the harbor and makes it such a favorite port, also ensures calm bathing on the sandy beach. There are bath-houses near the pier which one may hire and there are miles of hills on either side which furnish secluded dressing-rooms if one prefers a solitary bath. One can stroll along the drowsy streets and pause to watch a man building himself a house, single-handed, with a saw and a hammer, a pile of bamboo and some banana leaves. Altogether, if the loading of cargo delays, we can pass a day or two very agreeably in the little town which at first glance appears to have little to offer in the way of entertainment.

Nearly all travelers who find themselves in Puerto Colombia, for as much as a day, take the train trip of seventeen miles up to Barranquilla, one of the most flourishing towns in Colombia, and the starting-point of navigation up the great Magdalena River. The trip takes an hour, passing through tropical vegetation, through tiny hamlets,

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beside roads on which trudge those infinitesimal donkeys on which the Latin has always cheerfully loaded himself, his family, and whatever household goods or market produce is portable. The donkeys look better fed here than in most Mediterranean and many Caribbean countries, and so do the dogs and pigs.

As soon as one steps off the train at Barranquilla, one is conscious of its close connection with the Magdalena, just as in New Orleans one senses the Mississippi. Queer-looking stern-wheelers and river boats of all kinds are continually passing up and down that tremendous waterway which is navigable by five-hundred-ton steamers for five hundred and forty-eight miles. Then waterfalls break its course, and passengers and cargo must both be transferred by railroad from La Dorada to Beltrán. From Beltrán to Giradot boats of a hundred and twenty tons can navigate, and by this method — requiring five changes of boat and rail — a quarter of a million tons of merchandise are moved yearly. Barranquilla is near a sand-bar, which prevents ocean liners from coming up the river and unloading their cargo directly into her warehouses. Upon the dredging of this sand-bar half a million dollars have already been spent. When the work is finally and



A MAGDALENA RIVER BOAT



A COLOMBIAN HOUSEBOAT, BARRANQUILLA

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permanently accomplished, the vessels that now put in at Puerto Colombia will, quite naturally, dock at Barranquilla. And then what will happen to the handful of white and blue and pink buildings down on the quiet shore of the Caribbean? Who can tell? Historians of years to come, finding remains of a long concrete pier and no houses, may learnedly speculate as to the reasons for the decline of a great city.

The Magdalena River is not only the main channel of commerce in Colombia — where a system of paved highways and railroads is as yet undeveloped — but it is an artery of history as well. Before Spain put her foot upon the country, the flowering banks of the Magdalena led up to Tunja, the Chibcha capital. The Chibcha Indians had reached a creditable degree of culture before their extermination by the white man. They raised cotton, corn, fruits, and potatoes. They manufactured a coarse cloth, mined salt, copper, and emeralds. They made articles of beaten gold, shaped pottery, cast statuettes in alloys of variable proportions of gold, silver, and copper, and chiseled them with copper tools. They lived in round houses with pyramidal or conical roofs, the walls made of tree-trunks, plastered with mud and straw, probably very

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similar to the one we saw the man building at Puerto Colombia.

They seemed to have been a happy people — nature-worshippers — each house cherishing its idol of clay, wood, wax, or precious metals. It was one of their unique religious rites which furnished the myth of El Dorado. On his coronation day the young chief was taken to Lake Guatabita in a boat or balsa laden with gold and emeralds. His naked body was rubbed with aromatic gum and then thickly sprinkled with gold dust. When this golden figure reached the middle of the lake, he emptied the balsa of its riches as an offering to the gods, then he also jumped into the lake and swam around until all the gold was washed from his body, and the people, watching from the shore, rejoiced. It was from this rite that the legend of the golden man arose, and the first emeralds sent to Spain from the New World came from this region.

There are still gold and emeralds in Colombia, the most valuable single emerald in the world having been found in the Muzo group of mines. It is a perfect six-sided crystal, weighing over eight ounces. The Hope emerald, of six ounces, was also found in Colombia and the Republic is the world's largest producer of platinum. In fact, Colombia

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has every kind of precious metal, and her potential wealth along this line, as along so many others, is only awaiting capital for its exploitation.

The Chibchas, with their arts of pottery and weaving and temple building; with their system of weights and measures and a currency of gold discs, were exterminated, and the white man has only himself to blame for the black and yellow and olive mixture which takes the place of the intelligent and cheerful aborigine.

Although Barranquilla was founded in 1629, there is little left of the old city. Only some of the deeply rutted and unpaved streets suggest that they might have been in continuous service, and unrepaired, since then. But it is essentially modern, with the Prado, a real estate venture undertaken by some enterprising Americans, constituting the fine residential section. It has a fair number of excellent public and private buildings, and the hotels and shops have quite a cosmopolitan air. Of course, here, as in all Central America, contrast is everywhere. A great glittering store, displaying through its plate-glass show windows electric refrigerators and ranges, practically elbows a one-story thatch-roofed cottage. A span of mules, driven by reins of rope and followed by a clatter-

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ing, decrepit carriage, kick up the dust of the unpaved boulevard. While high overhead a hydro-plane — belonging to the German Colombian Society for Aërial Transport, which maintains a regular passenger and mail service — starts on its business-like route up the Magdalena River to Giradot. In spite of this most modern method of transportation, Colombia is in lamentable need of roads and railways. The cost and time of transporting her products for both foreign and domestic use consumes their legitimate profit. There are mines, to be sure. In 1540, the Spaniards enslaved the Indians to work in them. But mines cannot be worked to-day without machinery, and machinery must be transported somehow. The mines of Muzo and Cosquez, sixty-five hundred feet above sea level, were covered with jungle and lost to the world for over a century, and have only been rediscovered within a generation. The Colombian Government now controls their exploitation.

It is incredible that this third largest Republic in South America and of immeasurable potential riches in minerals and agriculture, with four distinct zones of temperature, from the torrid coast to the snow-capped mountains, can indefinitely remain under-populated and under-educated.

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Colombia has a worthy history. She has her names of scholars, scientists, and artists. Her original inhabitants, the Chibchas, were among the highest type of Indian produced in the Western Hemisphere. The period of conquest dates from 1499 to 1550; the colonial period to 1810; the War of Independence was concluded in 1819, and Nueva Granada was formed, comprising what is now Colombia, Venezuela, and Ecuador, with capitals at Bogotá, Caracas, and Quito, each with a vice-president. These ultimately fell into their present divisions. Now Colombia, a Republic of nearly half a million square miles, possesses a stable government and a constitution based somewhat on ours. Citizens who know how to read and write, or who have an income of three hundred dollars, or real estate worth a thousand dollars, may vote in election for president and representatives.

But the capital and administrative center is inconveniently remote. Bogotá, cold and high, with frost upon her wide savannahs even in summer, and of admirable racial integrity, is the most inaccessible capital in South America. The Colombians recognize the wastefulness of the five-fold handlings of all goods brought in at Puerto Colombia before they reach Bogotá. Therefore,

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the dredging of the mouth of the Magdalena is being awaited with greatest interest by real estate dealers, by bankers, importers, and business men of all kinds. The fact that Cartagena is also straightening and deepening her Dique Canal is being discussed with anxiety in Barranquilla. After centuries of disregarding these possibilities, both cities are suddenly waking to their value. Cartagena has such natural advantages of harbor, that with a canal opening directly into the Magdalena she could easily regain her old supremacy of the seas. Barranquilla is worried, but, with a country of such wealth as Colombia, two ports are not too many. There seems no reason why both Barranquilla and Cartagena should not come into immense prosperity.

There is a five-fifteen train from Barranquilla to Puerto Colombia. (Is there, we wonder, a city in the world which does not boast a five-fifteen train?) The tropical sunset streams brightly upon the water as we clash along the rails that border it. But in the tiny settlements, surrounded by trees, it is already quite dark, and the primitive interiors of a parlor forested with rocking-chairs, and an adjoining dining-room open to our gaze, are softly gilded by the glow of kerosene lamps fixed to the

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wall in iron brackets. The pier is glittering with lights, for as many vessels as can find room are berthed and many more are waiting for their turn as we draw in to the not uncheerful village of Puerto Colombia.

CHAPTER XII

HOME BY THE SPANISH MAIN

THE Spanish Main is that arc of irregular coast which stretches from Cape Catoche to the mouth of the Orinoco — for Main does not mean water as many people commonly suppose, but the Mainland. The Caribbean Sea is bordered on the south and west by the Spanish Main, and on the east and north by that scattering semicircle of islands which, with their various subdivisions of Leeward and Windward, Greater Antilles and Lesser Antilles, altogether form what Columbus until the day of his death believed to be a part of India — hence the name, West Indies. Imperialists love to bait anti-imperialists by referring to the Caribbean as a sort of American lake, roughly encircled by land which must ultimately all come under American control. From certain standpoints such control might be of advantage. But whatever the future of this region, it is doubtful if it could ever parallel the glory of its past. For this bright sea was one of the most colorful stages the Great Playwright ever set, and on it was enacted one of the most swashbuckling

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dramas. For three centuries conquistador and buccaneer, religion, heroism, avarice, and villainy, raced and tore across that heaving water, and dashed up and down the harbors and inlets of the ragged shores.

The actors were most suitably costumed for their rôles. First entered the Spaniard gleaming in his black armor, with casque and sword and gallant gesture. Before him paced cowed priests, bearing the mysterious insignia of the Inquisition. Behind him were herded his lamenting captives: Inca chiefs degradingly burdened with gold and silver that had been plundered from their palaces; Indian maidens, clad in mantles of bright feathers and hung with pearls. The Spaniard was brave and arrogant and impoverished; in precisely the conditions most unfavorable for permanent colonization and most favorable for exploitation of this new hemisphere, spilling over with treasure, which his own discoverers, royal edicts, and papal decree had given into his hands. He imported his religion, his literature, his language, and architecture into a territory more than seven thousand miles long, so that even to-day he possesses one of the vastest language areas in the world.

Opposing this suave gentleman — crossing the

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water in his carved and clumsy galleon, its four-storied deck-house rearing castle-like above thick bulwarks — darted out, in small swift craft, the English sea-dog. He was subsidized by the Crown, and he was animated by a burning zeal to clean the seas of a rival whose acquisition of wealth menaced the prestige of the Virgin Queen, and whose religion was — in rough Anglo-Saxon — an alliance with the Devil. In the course of the cleaning-up, the doughty sailor degenerated into a pirate, and a goodly amount of the treasure was diverted from Spanish into English pockets. Through the long telescope of history, the deeds of the yellow-haired lads from Devon more than match, in barbarity and bloody wantonness, those of the Castilian grandees.

Such, then, were the principals of the drama.

But the glowing stage was further embellished by French corsairs, nuns, Dutch scribes and merchants, negro slaves and kings and Indian warriors. Nothing, it is obvious, was lacking in scenery, actors, or motives to ensure the most terrific of conflicts. And such a conflict ensued.

Porto Bello was one of the favorite scenes in the long drama, and the old town, accessible to-day from Colón by launch and airplane, still maintains

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something of its ancient flavor on the Spanish Main. Although modern Porto Bello is a huddle of shacks, and the once splendid harbor rarely shelters anything besides native dugout canoes and fishing boats, the ruins of barracks, the comandante's house, the fort, the castle that once guarded the old Gold Road, and a few other buildings, are almost as staunch as in the days when they defied Drake and Morgan.

Before the healthier climate of Cartagena was discovered, it was at Porto Bello that the galleons from Spain and the mule teams from Panama met and exchanged goods. And thus Porto Bello became the scene of famous fairs which lasted for forty days and whose exchange amounted to thirty or forty million pounds sterling.

The tiny seaport, with its handful of negroes, periodically found itself deluged by visiting merchants, soldiers, and sailors. Prices soared miraculously. Thomas Gage tells us that, when he was in Porto Bello in 1637, he had to pay one hundred and twenty crowns a fortnight for a small mean room, and that it cost merchants a thousand crowns to rent a temporary shop of moderate size. Although the fair was a gorgeous carnival of barter and gayety, with bars of silver lying like

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stones on the street, it was followed by such pestilence, due to lack of sanitation and overcrowding and unhealthy climate, that ultimately the larger port of Cartagena was chosen as a place of exchange.

Porto Bello is not only noted for its great fairs, but also for the spectacular sacking which Morgan gave it in 1668, one of the most merciless in all that gentleman's career of blood-letting. It was in 1668, when Porto Bello had become the heart of Spanish power on the Main, that the Welsh ruffian decided to attack it. This he did, and captured it — a capture attended with such hideous brutalities that even now, in spite of our familiarity with three subsequent centuries of slaughter, we read of Morgan's sack with horror. In the first castle he seized, he shut up the officers and soldiers in one of its rooms and, setting off gunpowder, blew men and castle into eternity. Forcing further entrance into the town with fireballs and shot, he broke into the convents and monasteries and, driving the monks and nuns before him, forced them to raise ladders against the walls of the governor's castle. The governor did not, as Morgan expected, cease his fire of defense, and the religious men and women fell dead between the ladders and the walls. Morgan and

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his men then swarmed into the castle where the Spanish governor refused to surrender or beg for quarter. Standing upright, with his wife and daughter clinging to his knees, he fought the pirates single-handed until he was hacked down — a gallant posture and one which has been perpetuated in pictures and legends ever since. For fifteen days the conquerors gave themselves up to debauchery and to the sport of extorting money from the unhappy people. Esquemeling, the eye-witness, tells us that Morgan did not hesitate to use the rack to loosen the tongues of his victims. John Style, writing to the Secretary of State, says: ‘It is a common thing among the privateers, beside burning with matches and such slight torments, to cut a man in pieces, first some flesh, then a hand, an arm, a leg, sometimes tying a cord about his head and with a stick twisting it until the eyes shot out which is called “woolding.”’ Before taking Puerto Bello, thus some were used, because they refused to discover a way into the town which was not, and many in the town because they would not discover wealth they knew not of. A woman there was by some set bare upon a baking stone and roasted because she did not confess of money which she had only in their conceit: this he heard some

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declare with boasting, and one that was sick confess with sorrow.'

After fifteen days of this, Morgan decided to leave and began to provision his ships. Then, as an afterthought, he reconsidered and sent word to the miserable survivors that, unless they paid him a hundred thousand pieces of eight as ransom, he would blow up every one of them and whatever was left of the city. Somehow the money was procured and Morgan sailed away to fall upon Panama, as has been described in a previous chapter.

These pirates, buccaneers, freebooters, and privateers — who were they? Whence came their authority? What did they do with their immense loot? In how far can England and France be held responsible, as countries, for the actions of these individuals of their flag, who for years ravaged every port and pillaged every vessel they could capture and every island that took their fancy?

The origin of the buccaneers is this:

Continual warfare along the coast of Hispaniola — the original name for Haiti — had driven inland the cattle which the Spanish had imported, and in the forests they had multiplied and reverted to wildness. Certain French corsairs hit upon the idea of furnishing meat to the many vessels which

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stopped to provision at the island. They became hunters of the wild cattle and cured their flesh after a manner learned from the Carib Indians. Carib meant cannibal, and this particular tribe began to spread over the Antilles just before the Spanish conquest. Their method of preparing meat was thus: to cut it in long strips, lay it on a grate made of sticks, and dry it over a slow fire fed by the bones and trimmings of the animal. This peculiar treatment gave the meat a savory flavor and good red color. The Indian name for the place where the meat was thus smoked was 'boucan,' and the same word was used for the wooden grating on which it was laid. In course of time the meat became 'viande boucannee' and the preparers 'boucaniers' — or buccaneers. It was not until later, when the buccaneers began to combine with the pirates in common cause against the Spaniard, that the name had any derogatory significance. For years the mountain-dwelling cattle hunter was merely a solitary alien, who joined with others of his kind in a sort of guild, each of which had its own gaudy banners, in which the dealings were characterized by absolute honesty. He roamed the woods with his dog by day and slept by night in the open air. He dressed in coarse gar-

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ments so saturated in blood and grease that they looked as if they had been tarred. He had neither wife nor children, but usually had a companion with whom he had sworn brotherhood for life. Each made the other his heir and these partnerships were observed with extraordinary fidelity.

Such, then, was the origin of the buccaneers. The pirate, too, had a comparatively innocuous inception. The Pope, called in as referee over the discoveries of Spain and Portugal, had generously divided this half of the globe between the two. England, France, and Holland were to be excluded entirely from this beckoning region. Naturally three such great powers had no intention of tamely submitting to that arrangement. They promptly sent their trading vessels to the West Indies, to New Spain, to the Isthmus, and all up and down the Spanish Main. Spain forbade her colonists to trade with them, claimed the right to attack all foreign vessels entering the waters on any of the coasts of the Americas, and to consider any English seaman in any Spanish port an object of suspicion — and, if occasion warranted, a victim for the Inquisition. The traders retaliated by stealing Spanish cargoes, sinking peaceful Spanish merchantmen, and finally extending their depredations

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to the shore, where they landed and pillaged. It was obviously of supreme commercial importance to England, France, and Holland to get a foothold in the New World. Added to this practical necessity, augmenting and fanning it to white heat, was the religious situation. England had goaded herself into an hysterical obsession against the Roman Catholic Church. There was a campaign of propaganda against Spain that would have done credit to the year 1917. On the other side, after the excommunication of Henry the Eighth, every Roman Catholic crew had full papal sanction for attacking every English crew that would not submit to Rome. It was the old story of both sides claiming merely to be defending themselves and both claiming Divine assistance and authority. England, thus sustained by temporal and spiritual zeal, decided to take advantage of her privateers.

A privateer was a daring individual who owned or officered an armed vessel, and set forth to discover new territory, or to seize what he could of that already discovered. Elizabeth, always thrifty, recognized that these privateers were quite willing to perform — for the love of adventure and personal gain — all sorts of odd jobs which otherwise the navy would have to perform at the expense of

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the public purse. It was much cheaper to bestow 'letters of marque' upon these privateers and give them a certain official sanction. Furthermore, it accomplished practically as much as declaring war on Spain and was not so risky. It was a glorious opportunity for men like Hawkins, Drake, Oxenham, Morgan, and others: men whose personal bravery, whose genius for generalship and for inspiring and commanding others was prodigious; men whose love of adventure carried them over uncharted seas and into unknown countries; men who won enormous prestige for England, but who, according to any rational standard, must be considered as unscrupulous and bloodthirsty as the enemy they had appointed themselves to chastise. Hawkins was a slaver of the most flagrant type. The first negroes he set out to 'snare' resisted. 'This animal is very wicked,' as a certain Frenchman scoffed; 'when you attack it; it defends itself.' Morgan was as ferocious a human being as history has the pleasure of recording. Even Drake, versatile, far-sighted, and able as he was in seamanship and statesmanship, lent himself to exploits that are difficult for his most ardent biographers to present in a noble light. It was inevitable that the privateers, officered by such powerful commanders,

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sanctioned by royal authority, and doubly animated by religious zeal and commercial enterprise, should have degenerated into piracy. In the summer of 1563, four hundred privateering vessels captured seven hundred Spanish prizes.

As the privateers slid imperceptibly into pirates, and the buccaneers, who had a grievance against Spain for having driven them out of some of her territory that they had preëmpted, swelled their ranks, England and France became very much confused as to just where privateering ended and piracy began. This confusion was further confounded by the development of 'semi-pirates,' freebooters, and filibusters, which was the French corruption of the word 'freebooter.' It was augmented by volunteers from the ranks of frayed gentlemen, runaway slaves, fugitives from justice, and scalawags of all sorts.

Men from all nations who were opposed to Spain banded together. Englishmen served on French ships. Dutch and Huguenot pirates sold their loot in English seaports and captained English ships. The marine Huguenots and 'Dutch Beggars of the Sea' kept the English Channel clear for English commerce from 1565 to 1570. Esquemeling himself had been sold in Tortuga as an *engagé* of the French

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West India Company. He finally bought his freedom and joined Morgan's company in the rôle of a barber-surgeon and scribe.

Besides this confusion in the ranks as to precisely what constitutes lawful and unlawful raids, there was division of opinion in high places as to the best manner, not only of defining it, but of handling it. Sir Charles Lyttelton presented to the Lord Chancellor in 1664 a carefully thought-out document defending the privateers on grounds of expediency and economy — as they did for pleasure work which England would otherwise have to pay to get done. It was not until Great Britain was persuaded that planting paid better than piracy and that the two were incompatible that she incorporated into the Jamaica Act of 1683 a law 'for the restraining and punishing of privateers and pirates.'

We have no lack of documents to prove this point. Historians were plenty and explicit. The Jesuits of the Antilles have left long accounts. The Dutchman — Alexander Olivier Exquemelin, whose name has been corrupted by the English into Esquemeling and by the French into Oëxmelen — has left us a fascinating volume which is the source book for all writers and students of this period. An

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astonishing number of 'pirates' took the trouble to work out reports, maps, soundings, which were of great benefit to the maritime world. Woodes Rogers, George Anson, and others quite justified their calling themselves 'explorers.' But it is Dampier to whom we owe the most. This son of a Somersetshire farmer was with the buccaneers from 1679 to 1688, and found time between looting villages and reeling in and out of wineshops to write three long books, in which the rough exploits of human beings are curiously contrasted with his delicately minute descriptions of every bird, beast, tree, and fruit he saw, and with his scientific preoccupation with the geological structure of the seacoast. Although he was brutal enough to have been court-martialed in England for cruelty to his lieutenant, and found 'guilty of very hard and cruel usage' whenever he surveys what Masfield felicitously calls 'the lesser kingdoms,' it is with calm, equable, untroubled, and delighted vision.

If England and France thus frankly supported the pirates as long as it paid them to do so; if the King of Spain engaged the Biscayneer — privateers from the Bay of Biscay — to retaliate upon the English; if the Danes permitted Adolph Esmit, a former privateer, to become governor of St.

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Thomas — just how did the North American Colonies regard the business? Why, with such genial tolerance, that long after the West Indies had become untenable for the pirates they sold their goods and flashed their gold ear-rings and scarlet bandanas up and down the seacoast from New England to North Carolina. C. H. Haring, in 'Buccaneers of the West Indies in the Seventeenth Century,' tells us: 'Governor Markham of the Quaker colony of Pennsylvania allowed the pirates to dispose of their goods and to refit upon the banks of the Delaware and William Penn, the proprietor, showed little disposition to reprimand or remove him. Governor Fletcher of New York was in open alliance with the outlaws, accepted their gifts and allowed them to parade the streets in broad day light. The merchants of New York, as well as those of Rhode Island and Massachusetts . . . welcomed the appearance of the pirate ships laden with goods from the East, provided a ready market for their cargos and encouraged them to repeat their voyages.'

It is obvious that no nation is in the position to criticize another in regard to piracy any more than in the treatment of the Indian.

It was not until men began to realize that it

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should be 'easier and more profitable to absorb the trade and riches of Spanish America through the peaceful agencies of treaty and concession,' than by bare-handed robbery, that the pirates' knell was sounded. The most glamorous of figures was finally done to death by nothing less than an abstraction — an inexorable economic law.

As we sail home from Colón past the Spanish Main, we will pass a hurrying fruit boat, a passenger steamer, a freighter or two. No galleon with short keel and towering, bravely painted deck-house; no slave ships with their dark cargo; no wicked, low, close-sailing sloop ready to run up the flag of any nation to further its piratical attack.

The coast of Honduras is less than a cloud to the west — that verdant country still enveloped in its haze of jungle, steaming banana plantations, and undetermined politics, as the figure, enveloped in the marble, awaits the sculptor's chisel.

We may be sure that every distant promontory that we glimpse has been the scene of discovery, of war, of barter and pillage. Each of the enchanting particles of land which make up the crescent of the West Indies is encrusted with history. Old loves and hates and traditions cling to the ports and coast towns and drift up the rivers to the high

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savannahs and forests. We tell them off like beads on a chain as we sail over the Caribbean: The three little Dutch islands off the coast of Venezuela, with their windmills and staid manners. Tortuga, with its hidden harbors and folded hills, once the rendezvous of pirates. Trinidad, with its inexhaustible and placid lake of pitch, which accommodately fills up every night the holes that have been dug during the day. Barbados, an orderly slice of Great Britain inserted into the negligent tropics. In Martinique, where the Empress Josephine was born, and where, in 1902, every single inhabitant of Saint-Pierre, with the exception of one prisoner in a dungeon below ground, was killed in forty-five seconds by an eruption from Mount Pelée, one sees negroes with beards cut in the fashion of Napoleon III and Frenchmen in white pith helmets. Saint-Martin's is barely forty miles square, but both France and Holland manage to share it amicably, each maintaining its own religion, faith, its own set of laws and official language, and owning and working together the common salt works. Tiny Saint-Bart's has been handed around in rather a cavalier way. In 1784, Louis XVI ceded it to Sweden for certain minor considerations. The Swedes got tired of it and handed it back, free of

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charge. At present the inhabitants are toying with the idea of transferring their allegiance to England or the United States.

There are dozens and dozens of these islands and islets composing the bright circle of the West Indies. Each has its fragment of history and its jealously maintained individuality. Even little Salvador, twelve miles long by five, with less than a thousand population, proudly proclaims the fact that it was the first land sighted by Columbus in the New World. The Dominican Republic is hoping to erect a Columbus Memorial Lighthouse in honor of the explorer whose much-moved bones are, at the present moment, resting there — so they will tell you. On Haiti there stands silhouetted against the sky the African's one tragic claim to architecture on this continent. It is the gigantic citadel built by Henri Christophe, a full-blooded negro who became King of Haiti. He erected nine palaces and eight royal châteaux, maintained stables for coaches and horses, created a whole negro aristocracy of titles, and lived in magnificence. His story is one of the most impressive in all the history of the West Indies, and is touchingly portrayed by J. W. Vandercook in his 'Black Majesty.'

Few travelers from San Francisco to New York

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will be able to stop at these fragmentary scraps of land. But if they will read Harry A. Franck's 'Roaming Through the West Indies,' they will get some idea of their variety, their checkered careers, and their possible contribution to history. Some boats stop at the larger islands. Jamaica, of which Sir Henry Morgan was governor and where he was buried, is one of the more frequent ports of call. Kingston, the present capital, is on safer ground than the old one, Port Royal, which, as a headquarters of pirates, loved to consider itself the wickedest and richest city in the world, until it sank, wickedness and riches and all, beneath the sea in an earthquake shock. Airplanes, sailing above it, can still see in certain lights the tops of buildings and the pattern of streets far beneath the water.

And so we come at last to Cuba, the most important of all the Hispanic-American Republics as regards this country, not even excepting Mexico. If it is our first visit, we shall probably be surprised at the extent of the island. The average traveler, coming up from the South, is unprepared for the many hours that the shores of Cuba are in sight, for the island is seven hundred and sixty



MORRO CASTLE, HAVANA

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miles from east to west and about twenty-five miles wide — an area equal to that of the State of Pennsylvania and containing a population of three million. And when he sees Havana stretching out for miles along the shore, with boulevards and tall buildings and suburbs, for a moment he thinks he must be turned around and is approaching San Francisco.

For one who has seen Central or South American countries or is familiar with cities in Spain, Havana at first glance seems very American. For one who has just left America, it seems extremely foreign. As a matter of fact, it is both. It was founded in 1510, and La Fuerza Fort, built by Fernando de Soto three hundred and ninety years ago, the fragments of the original city wall, Morro Castle, built a century later, and the Cabaña Fortress, a century later still, in their weather-worn blocks of coral stone testify to the port's antiquity. Upon this peerless harbor and on this structure of mighty fortification the Spanish city of San Cristóbal de la Habana developed, with its cathedral, where for many years the bones of Columbus were cherished, with its palaces and promenades and all the paraphernalia of romance which Spain knew so well how to weave.

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Although Havana likes to remind us that she was a century old when the Pilgrims sighted Plymouth Rock, yet, when she came under the control of the United States in 1898, she seemed a century behind us in her leisurely customs, aristocratic disdain for manual labor, and a penchant for unpaved streets. Upon this beautiful and unrepaired metropolis we promptly clamped the good roads, the sanitary systems, the general cleanliness and law and order of American rule. After the lovely pest-hole had been thoroughly cleaned up, its dumping grounds by the ocean transformed into the Malecón sea-drive that almost rivals the Beira Mar in Rio de Janeiro, Havana with the rest of Cuba was handed over to the Cubans. Now, although it has a guarantee of American protection and must keep its house in order if it would avoid intervention from the United States, it is an independent foreign country with all the indefinable differences and flavors which that implies. The Republic of Cuba is too varied and too rich in industry and history, and too important to the United States — to which in 1923 it stood second in exports and sixth in imports of all the countries of the world — to be summarized in a few lines or seen in a few days. Most tourists are content to stay in Havana, where

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antique Spanish culture, agreeably amended by modern American conveniences, and the whole topped by the florid architecture of Cuban millionaires, combine to produce a vacation land of varied delight.

Quite rightly Havana has become a smart winter resort for people from the United States. It has an animated night life and immense and elegant hotels, many of which are opened only during the winter season. On their terraces sit fashionably dressed ladies and gentlemen from Washington, D.C., from Des Moines, New York, and Butte, Montana. In their tiled patios dance college boys and girls who have run down for the holidays. American is almost the only language heard in these luxurious caravansaries, but the liquid refreshments which flow so freely are un-American in their quality, which is high, and in their price, which is low. It is apparent that the average tourist is entirely in favor of Cuba remaining under her own flag instead of that of the United States and Volstead.

There are plenty of diversions in Havana. There is a glittering casino where one may gamble to the full extent of one's pocket-book: golf courses, country clubs, bathing-beaches, tropical gardens,

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cock-fights, horse-racing, baseball, lotteries, jai-alai, the regional Basque ball game, which is a glorified tennis and handball and played at night. There are countless shops and cafés, tucked along streets of mediæval narrowness; there are rows of palaces facing the showy boulevards where sugar kings and tobacco kings and beer kings live in a style that does honor to its Spanish derivation, although the climate has softened much of the original Spanish formality. While the tourist frequents the center of the city and trails up and down the fashionable thoroughfares of Obispo and O'Reilly, in the outlying streets familiar to Cubans are excellent and moderately priced restaurants and great shopping districts which the stranger rarely sees. He sees enough, however, to entertain and beguile him. The Prado is a rhythmical stream of strollers in the early evenings, with automobiles crowding the roadways on either side, and Parque Central grows more lively as the night advances.

He may visit a cigar factory in the city and a sugar plantation in the country — Cuba is the greatest sugar-producing country in the world — and if he likes novelty, he may drive to the Cementerio Colón. To this elaborate necropolis a corpse is ushered to a marble and lace-hung tomb in a hearse



A STREET SCENE IN HAVANA

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of red and gold, with liveried out-riders. If, however, the tomb is not owned, but merely rented, and the rent is not forthcoming in due course, the bones are piled in a far corner of the cemetery and the tomb let to a more profitable tenant.

If the stranger is fortunate enough to meet any Cubans socially, he will find them most likable and friendly hosts living in an atmosphere of personal freedom bewildering to a citizen of the United States.

Havana stands forth as an incontrovertible and flattering example of American intervention. Here, as at Panama, scientific sanitation and prophylactic and police measures were applied to the tropics with the same immediate result in lowered mortality and increased prosperity. There have been and always will be critics who think we stayed too long, or didn't stay long enough, or ought never to have gone into Cuba at all. And there will be, every year, increasing thousands of visitors who don't think at all, but merely go to Havana for a good time — and get it.

When Spain signed the papers which handed Cuba to the United States, it was the end of her long and brilliant supremacy in America. With that gesture she stepped completely out of the

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kaleidoscopic picture of the New World of which she had been for over three centuries the principal and most bejeweled figure. Perhaps it is not amiss to recall here a certain point that Americans, proud of the English colonizing genius, seem to have forgotten. No Elizabethan colonies took root in America. Elizabeth was dead before Virginia, New France, or New England began as permanent settlements. Only Spain and Portugal founded sixteenth-century colonies in the New World that have persisted as communities from that day to this.

The policy of the Spanish Crown in regard to her colonies was neither brutal nor stupid. She never sent her criminals to populate her new settlements, as both England and France have done. Her ideal was liberal. It embraced not only justice, but even delicacy, as is shown by its suppression of the word 'conquest' in all legislation because 'the peace is to be sealed, not with the sound of arms, but with charity and good will.' There were, of course, villainous individuals, but we cannot read Esquemeling and believe they were confined to the Spanish nation. Neither can it be denied that the powerfully endowed Church contributed unworthy as well as worthy priests: it held out one hand in

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tender paternalism and with the other swept heathen and heretic into the flames of the Inquisition. But it was not the misdeeds of individuals or of the Church which brought about Spain's downfall. In these days, when we are inclined to interpret all historical events in historical terms, C. H. Haring ably summarizes the situation for us:

‘This Spanish commercial system was based upon two distinct principles. One was the principle of colonial exclusivism, according to which all the trade of the colonies was to be reserved to the mother country. Spain on her side undertook to furnish the colonies with all they required, shipped upon Spanish vessels: the colonies in return were to produce nothing but raw materials and articles which did not compete with the home products with which they were to be exchanged. The second principle was the mercantile doctrine which, considering as wealth itself the precious metals which are but its symbol, laid down that money ought, by every means possible, to be imported and hoarded, never exported. This latter theory, the fallacy of which has long been established, resulted in the endeavour of the Spanish Hapsburgs to conserve the wealth of the country, not by the encouragement of industry, but by the increase

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and complexity of imposts. The former doctrine, adopted by a non-producing country which was in no position to fulfil its part in the colonial compact, led to the most disastrous consequences.'

So Spain, like the pirates, was done to death in the New World by an inexorable economic law.

We are at the end of the northern circuit of Spanish America which began, geographically, at San Francisco, and has led us through Central America and Panama, and home through the West Indies and past the Spanish Main.

Old-fashioned history was presented from a single rigid and uncompromising angle. As in old-fashioned novels, we demanded stock figures of villain and hero, and Spain has long been the Bad Man in the drama of the Americas. But we who have stood within the nave of the carved cathedral in Antigua, Guatemala, and listened to the liquid and virile syllables of Spanish speech in Salvador, and leaned upon the parapet of the high wall of Cartagena, cannot help remembering Spain's bequest to the New World, which she discovered, and which from the first she valued and loved.

Over Central America, through the West Indies, and down the Spanish Main is an insidious invasion

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of brisk and efficient individuals from the United States. They are laying drain-pipes, installing waterworks, exporting bananas and coffee, and policing elections. They are bringing the lovely, disorderly tropics to heel. It is, economists and politicians alike assure us, part of progress.

But banks and waterworks and concrete piers do not satisfy every need of man. As the United States grows older, more homogeneous, more subtle, it will begin to turn toward a background nobler architecturally than the white meeting-house of New England, or the log cabin of the West, or even the pleasant mansions of the South. It will come to an appreciation of Spain's gift to this continent — a gift which intensifies and gathers richness with the passage of time — Beauty.

THE END

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A Map of
CENTRAL AMERICA
and the
SPANISH MAIN

STATES

ATLANTIC
OCEAN

GULF
of
MEXICO

HAVANA

CUBA

JAMAICA

HAITI

YUCATAN
PENINSULA

RUINS

GUATEMALA

HONDURAS

GUATEMALA CITY

ATLACATEPEC ATEGUCIGALPA

SALVADOR

NICARAGUA

MANAGUA

GRANADA

COSTA RICA

PUNTA ARENAS

Gulf of Nicoya

Gulf of Dulce

PALESTINE

Gulf of Panama

COLOMBIA

SOUTH AMERICA

BOGOTA

CARIBBEAN
SEA

PORTO BELLO

PANAMA CITY

ACARTAGENA

BARRANQUILLA

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